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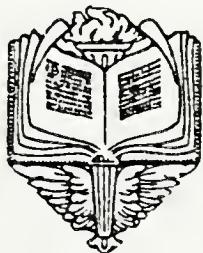
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H A M

BIOGRAPHY

ORIGIN OF
OUR FAMILY NAME

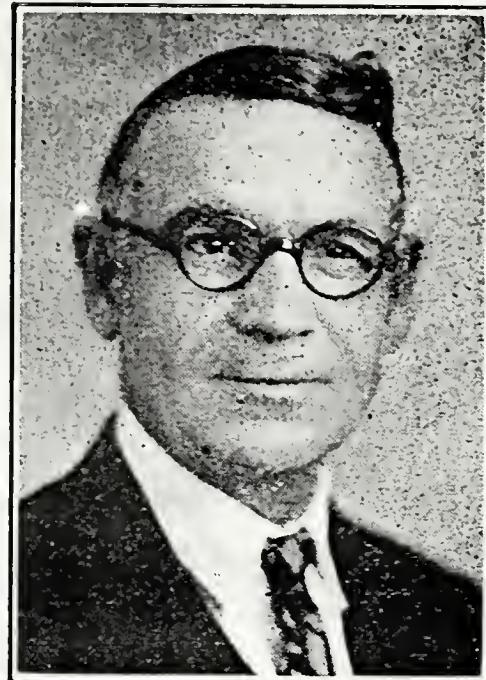


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HAM

BIOGRAPHY

A Few Branches of the HAM FAMILY TREE

Why We Have a Family Name and

What It Means to Us

Primitive personal names doubtless originated soon after the invention of spoken language, although the date of their first use is lost in the darkness of ages preceding recorded history. For thousands of years thereafter, first or given names were the only designations that men and women bore; and in the dawn of historic times, when the world was less crowded than it is today and every man knew his neighbor, only one title of address was necessary. Only gradually, with the passing centuries and the increasing complexity of civilized society, did a need arise for more specific designations. While the roots of our system of family names may be traced back to early civilized times, actually the hereditary surname as we know it today is a comparatively recent development in human history, dating from a time scarcely earlier than nine hundred years ago.

Our surname is a name added to a baptismal or Christian name for the purpose of making it more specific and of indicating family relationship or descent. Many of the surnames of mankind were designed from the father's Christian name, from a person's occupation, from his place of residence; some surnames were formulated from a person's bodily or personal characteristics. If a man grew up to be strong, hardy and stern, he might be named Mr. Frank Stern, George Hardy or William Strong.

As early as Biblical times, men took as a surname their fathers' Christian name and added another as, for instance, Joshua, the son of Nun; Simon, the son of Jonas, and so on. If a man was named after his place of residence, it might be Judas of Galilee, etc. If they took their names from their occupation of blacksmith, cook, butler, carpenter, cooper, bishop, mayor reeves, chaplain and wainwright, a wagon builder, he would be John Wainwright, George Cooper, etc. It might be Wood, Bridge, Lane, White or Black.

In ancient Greece, daughters were scrupulously named after their fathers, as Chryseis, the daughter of Chryses. True surnames date in England from about the year 1000. Perhaps the oldest known surname in England is that borne by Hwita Hatte, a keeper of bees. In America, the melting pot of all nations, a greater variety of family names exists than anywhere else in the world. In the beginning, it was only a word, a single name, a convenient label; now we must bear two or more names to distinguish one John from his neighbor John across the street. It has now established itself as a part of the bearer's individuality, and as it passes to his children, his children's children, and their children, it is now become the symbol not of one man only, but what that family

H A M — B I O G R A P H Y

stands for. Handed down from generation to generation, it grows inseparably associated with the achievements, the tradition and the glory of the family. Therefore, the name Ham, to us, becomes the badge of family honor, a name to be proud of, to protect, and to fight for if need be.

OUR name Ham is found on the ancient English and early American records in the various forms of Hamme, Hame, Ham and Hamm, of which the last two forms mentioned are those most generally accepted in America today. It is believed by those of authority to have been of Anglo-Saxon origin and to have been derived from the residence of its first bearers at a Ham, (meaning a homestead). Among the earliest records of the name in England were Robert, John and William, of County Sussex in the year 1273. About the first of the name in America was one William Ham, who came from England in the year 1645 and settled at Exeter, N. H. This William was the father of two children, Matthew and Elizabeth.

It appears in history that at least fifteen of our Ham ancestors fought in the Revolutionary war, to free America from the tyrannical exploitation of the English authorities that we, today, might have a democratic form of government. Their names are as follows: Lieutenant William Ham, of Rhode Island; Benjamin, David, Ephram, Ichabod, Isreal, John, Joseph, Moses and William, of New Hampshire; Edward and Frederick, of New York; George, Stephen Valentine and another Lieutenant William Ham, of Virginia.

These men were noted for their energy, perseverance, fortitude, patience, courage, loyalty, pity, resourcefulness, love of adventure, mental and moral strength. We trust their descendants, spread over the United

States, as they are today, have been as zealous in their efforts to develop this nation as our ancestors who aided in its founding.

From this early date it seems the Hams have drifted to nearly all parts of the United States. The writer does not wish to narrate their thrift, religion or politics; it is enough to say they are of a conscientious, well-meaning nature and desirable citizens of this grand old country of ours. Trusting the following biographies will serve the purpose for which they are written: to hold us closer together in our family reunions.

WILLIAM HAM

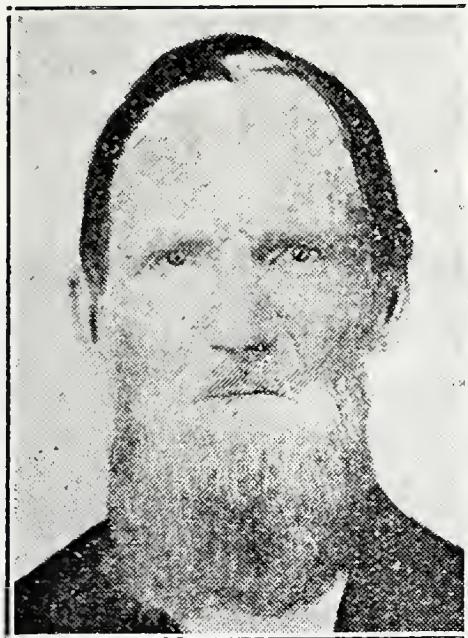
A one Lieutenant William Ham and family, the first of the Hams to settle in Virginia, was my great grandfather. Mr. Ham reared and educated four sons and one daughter, namely, Vernon, Samuel, Joseph, Elija and Sarahann. They were born in the great Shenandoah valley in or near where Harper's Ferry is located today.

Sarahann Ham, Vernon Ham's sister, (my mother called her Aunt Sally), was born somewhere between 1810 and 1816. She grew up, was educated along with her brothers and married William Darrough and was living in Harper's Ferry, Va., in 1874. My mother's sister, Mrs. J. F. Cook and husband, visited them there at that time. Mr. Darrough and wife reared at least one child, Elijah Darrough who, when a young man, came to Indiana and worked on the farm for Uncle J. F. Cook, B. F. Ham and other relatives in and near Markleville for

several years. He was then united in marriage to Mrs. Ann McCarty, a sister of Mrs. George W. Ham and Mrs. B. F. Ham, who was a widow with five children and a good home. "Lige," as we called him, lived with his wife until she bore him two children, Liscom T. Darrough and a daughter, Grace. Liscom T. was born on October 18, 1883. He was united in marriage to Hulda Kaiser, of Indianapolis, August 8, 1922, and they are now the proud parents of six boys and girls. Names and birth as follows: Mary Ann, age 15, born June 17, 1923; Martha Louise, age 14, born October 13, 1924; Erwin, age 12, born August 25, 1926; Justin, age 10, born October 23, 1928; Paul, age 6, born August 11, 1932; Margaret, age 3, born April 11, 1935. All born in Marion county, Ind. He is farming on a small farm and is working in town part time. His address is R. R. 13, Box 319, Indianapolis, Ind.

Liscom's sister, Grace, married, died and left three little children, Lillian, Margaret and a boy, Edwin. Edwin works at the Real Silk hosiery mills in Indianapolis. Elijah left his wife and two children with their mother. They do not remember their father in any way. No one ever knew where he went, up until this writing (1939).

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VERNON HAM

Vernon Ham was born January 22, 1805. At the age of 28 he was teaching district school, when he met and married Miss Virginia Samson, of his community. Mrs. Ham many times related the story of the voyage to America from the "old country" by her people, who landed on our soil in the proverbial sail boat "The Mayflower." Mr. and Mrs. Ham were the parents of seven children, as follows: William Joseph, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Sarahan Maria, Martha Jane, Caleb Vernon and Samuel Newton, whose biography is found on another page. Soon after the birth of their first child, Mr. and Mrs. Ham left the state of Virginia to locate and make a home in Indiana. They landed at Waterloo, Fayette county, where they lived for some time; then moved to Madison county and permanently located on the county line between Madison and Hancock counties, three and one-half miles southeast of Markleville. There Mr. and Mrs. Ham reared their family, living comfortably for many, many years. Vernon Ham

died on August 1, 1890, at the age of 85 years. Mrs. Ham survived her husband for five years. At the age of 82, in November, 1895, she died. They both are buried in the Harlan cemetery, Hancock county.



REV. WILLIAM J. HAM

Rev. William Joseph Ham, oldest son of Vernon and Virginia Ham, was born January 3, 1834, in Rockingham county, Virginia. About the year 1835 his parents moved to the state of Indiana and very shortly after bought a farm on the Madison county line, southeast of Markleville, Indiana. At the age of 21 years he met and married a one Miss Sarah Cook, January 11, 1855. Five children came to bless this happy union. The first Min-

erva Alice Ham, born April 15, 1856, in Hancock county, Ind., and died May 29, 1883. The second child, an infant daughter, born and died May 5, 1859. The third child, Mary Olive Ham, born in Hancock county, July 18, 1862, is at this writing (1937) living on a farm near Tipton, Ind. Thomas Benton Ham, fourth child of this union, was born December 3, 1864, and is also living near Tipton, Ind. The fifth and last child, Nancy Ardella (Ham) Shook, born March 7, 1870, in Tipton county, Ind. She was united in marriage on March 29, 1900, to a Mr. Daily E. Shook. To this union one child was born, Elsie Alma Shook, January 28, 1901. She is married to a Mr. Allen B. Harper. They were united in the holy bands of wedlock on November 30, 1922. I am assuming, at this writing, they are living happily somewhere in Tipton county, Ind.

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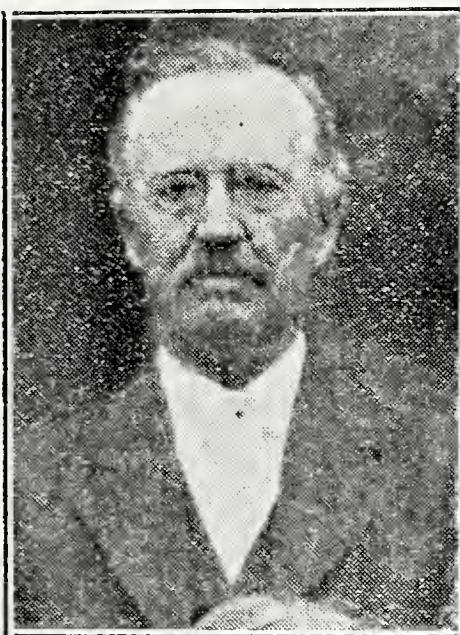
GEORGE W. HAM

Hon. George Washington Ham, son of Vernon and Virginia Ann Ham, was born in Waterloo, Fayette county, Ind., March 16, 1840. Moved with his parents at the age of eight years, to Madison county. At the age of 21 years and on the 17th day of October, 1861, while attending high school at New Castle, Ind., he enlisted in Company F, 57th Volunteers, in answer to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 soldiers for six months service. At the end of this period he re-enlisted for the duration of the war, and served in our Civil war four years and four months. He participated in the very

first battle and also in the last one fought, at Brazas, Texas. He fought in more than twenty battles and at no time was ever wounded. He was off duty for a period of time and sent to a hospital at Louisville, Ky., until he recovered from a spell of sickness. He then returned to duty. From an orderly-sergeant, he was promoted to the regimental non-commissioned staff, and at the close of the war, was honorably discharged as a member of the 57th Infantry, Indiana Volunteers. At 27 years of age he met and married Miss Adelaide Titus, the youngest daughter of Samuel Titus, living just south of Markleville, a sister to Mrs. B. F. Ham. To this union ten children were born as follows: Samuel Vinton Ham, who became a graduate of West Point Military Academy, major in the U. S. army, who saw active service in the Philippine Islands and was on duty at the Mexican border. He also went to France during the World war, was wounded in battle and after the armistice was signed, returned to the United States and lived with his family in Chicago, Ill., until his death, which occurred about the year 1926 or 1927. Walter is a farmer, owning a large farm southeast of Shirley, Ind. His house, barn and out-buildings are capacious, attractive and convenient. Walter has one son, Scott. He was united in marriage to a classmate while attending Butler College, Indianapolis, Ind., on September 4, 1925. They now have three children, Winifred J., born May 4, 1926; Guinevere, born September 23, 1927, and Prescilla, born November 28, 1935. Are now living in Muncie, Ind.

Zora E., wife of Charles F. Reeves, of Greenfield, Ind. Viola V., wife of Fred B. Gable, now living a short distance west of Shirley, on the George W. Ham estate, one of the most beautiful farm homes in Hancock county. Thaddeus Cooper, of Palma Soriano, Cuba. Es-

tella C., wife of B. B. Cannon. Olga Zella, who died in infancy. Montezuma, who also died in infancy. Maybelle K., wife of C. E. Kitterman, and Georgie Guinevere, the youngest of this family. All were highly educated, prudent and thrifty. I have no data of Uncle George's grandchildren or their children. It is sufficient to say they will follow in the footsteps of their fore-parents.



BENJAMIN F. HAM

Benjamin F. Ham, son of Vernon and Virginia Ham, was born in Madison county, Ind., in the year 1843. He lived with his parents until twenty years of age. He became acquainted with the daughter of one of the early settlers of his community and was united in marriage to Miss Charity Titus, July 24, 1863. B. F. and Charity, as they were commonly addressd, commenced life together on a little farm a short distance south of Markleville, Ind. Twelve children were born to Charity and B. F. on and between August 29, 1865

and April 27, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ (or 1888). Their names in line of their advent, are as follows: Ida B., Thaddeus, Milton, Oscar, Lora, William, Centennial C., Maggie Leota, Roscoe B., Blanch V.; Charles, born in 1883 and Pearl, born in 1886, both died while small.

Hon. B. F. Ham, early in life, developed a talent for public speaking and at one time (in his public speaking career), was considered one of the best of his day. In 1872 he became much interested in the Grange movement, which was first organized in the year 1867 by local communities as a social function, but soon drifted into a farm organization. B. F. was appointed grand lecturer and chaplain of the state of Indiana and traveled extensively, establishing subordinate Grange organizations. He moved from Madison county in 1882 to Clinton county, Ind. Mr. Ham kept well posted on current news and possessed a fund of useful information, was a capital fireside companion, no bigot or partisan, but always liberal in his views. Later in life, after obtaining a modest accumulation of this world's goods, Mr. and Mrs. Ham moved back to Markleville to spend their latter days in the little village near where both were born. Mrs. Ham died in her Markleville home on October 11, 1922 and is buried in the Harlan cemetery in Hancock county. Thaddeus Ham, born in 1867, died at six months and 26 days of age and is buried in the Collier cemetery (was scalded in wash-water). Milton, born in the year 1868, October 10, united in marriage to Molly (or Mary) Arbogast, of Clinton county, Ind., in the year 1889. One child born to this union, a sweet little girl named Bessie, in the year 1890. This little family, I understand, have all passed from this earth to the Great Beyond. Milton died in the year 1901 and is buried in the Collier cemetery in Madison county, Ind. Milton was a farmer and

lived just south of Markleville. Oscar Elwood Ham, born September 27, 1874, has always lived a real dirt farmer; honest, earnest and comely, living on a large farm near Noblesville, Ind., at this date (1939). Oscar E. Ham was united in holy bands of wedlock to a one Miss Laura Edith Black, both of one age. Three children were born to this young couple, one boy and two girls. Jesse Earl Ham, born July 18, 1893. About 1923 he was united in marriage to whom I do not know. Two children were born to this union, Margaret Edith Ham Biddle, born July 12, 1925, and Rowland Elwood Ham, born August 27, 1928. I have no other data of these children (sorry).

Dona Estel Ham Biddle born November 3, 1895. One child born to this union, James Ward Biddle, born July 14, 1923. (Can say no more).

Charity Elizabeth Ham Cook, born August 27, 1898 and married a man named Cook. They had, and perhaps have, one child, William Earl Cook, born August 6, 1917. I am not so well acquainted with Oscar and his family, from the fact we have been apart for the past sixty years, but someone has said, "the Hams are all right; if you think they are not, just ask one, and you will find out."

Lora Ham Stewart grew up and was married to Robert Stewart. The name of her son was Valentine and he was killed in an accident. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were farmers. All three have been dead for several years. They died in the prime of life. P. S.: They had a little girl. One day while riding with her mother on a load of hay, as I recall, both fell to the ground and the child was killed. They then lived in Clinton county, Ind.

Dear Relatives:

You will pardon my sense of humor, when I pause to relate an occurrence which my Uncle B. F. Ham was forced to be a participator therein: It happened long before I was born. I remember the story as mother used to relate it. It goes something like this: A good neighbor living near the Ham families, was living the life of inebriate. Well, he died one day. It will suffice to say that his surname started with a capitol L and because of his sinful ways, the local minister, Elder H. refused to preach the funeral. The family called on Hon. B. F. Ham to officiate. Uncle Ben's motto being to speak well of your neighbor or not speak about him at all, agreed to grant the request. The time and place were set. The people were congregated at the little country church. Elder H. with the crowd and Mr. Ham in the pulpit. In his prelude to the sermon, B. F. was interrupted by Elder H. saying, "You are wrong, Brother Ham." Uncle Ben raised his hand (palm open), looked Elder H. in the eye with an ardent expression of surprise, then proceeded with his discourse. Later in the sermon, Elder H. arose, a tall, slim, well dressed, handsome-looking, manly-appearing fellow, and said, "Mr. Ham, that last statement is false." B. F. again raised his hand, and with a hushing sound from his lips and an expression of horror and chagrin on his face. In a short interval of breathless silence the elder sat down. At almost the close of the discourse, the elder jumped to his feet, saying, "Ben, that's a lie." B. F. instantly leaped from the elevated pulpit and as if divinely directed, landed on the elder, crushing him down upon the mourners' bench with a stunning thud; then with a high degree of composure or tranquility, walked back and finished the sermon. Later when the funeral was in procession, well on its way to

the cemetery, Elder H. awoke to find himself alone in the church house. This happened when people really did things, "believe it or not."

Uncle Ben was a firm believer in gold and silver at a parity or 16 to one. His younger brother Samuel was equally converted to gold standard principles. While they were never known to quarrel, they frequently held hot discussions one could hear four miles against the wind.

At the ripe old age of 82 years, on August 28, 1925, Hon. B. F. Ham passed away in his Markleville home, surviving Aunt Charity by two years, ten months and 17 days. He is buried along side her in the Harlan cemetery in Hancock county, Ind.

Ida B. Ham was born to B. F. and Charity Ham on August 29, 1865. She received her education in the Markleville schools. Ida was the first and oldest of the twelve brothers and sisters. She was united in marriage to Jesse B. Jackson, February 24, 1884. Jesse told your narrator, in later years, that when he left the house of the clergyman and all of his life's savings but seventy cents, and carrying away his own Mrs. Jackson, he was thinking, I now have all of this world's goods I really need. It very shortly occurred to him that he must draw again for shelter and support for two in place of one. They both quickly grasped the situation and rented an unimproved farm, situated on the Madison-Hancock county line, a few miles south and west of Markleville, the owner being B. F. Ham, Mrs. Jackson's father. In a period of several years, Ida and Jesse, working hand-in-hand and shoulder to shoulder, cleared away the trees, brush and stumps, transforming the crude tract into beautiful fields of farm land. Also in the meantime, through prudence and good judgment, saved cash enough

to make a safe down payment on 40 acres at \$100 per acre, lying just across the road in Hancock county. Jesse was a money-maker and Ida saved it. They were soon out of debt. At the beginning of the World war they owned two or three hundred acres of good farm land. When farm prices went sky-high, Jesse and Ida sold all but their first home, bought a cottage in Pendleton with the intentions of retiring from hard work. I assume that sitting around was too slow for this ambitious couple, for they moved back to the farm home, living there until Jesse's untimely death which occurred on August 26, 1926.

Seven children were born to Ida and Jesse Jackson: Clara Leota, born November 23, 1884. At about the age of eighteen years she was united in marriage to Mr. A. W. McCallister, of Madison county, on September 17, 1902. Two children were born to this union, Bert J. McCallister, born July 27, 1903. Married to Martha T. Stevens, September, 1928. They have three children, Jaynette and Steven L. Jaynette Gay, born February 6, 1930. Steven L., born July 30, 1935. Martha M. McCallister, the second child, born April 30, 1908 and is married to Paul E. Shaw, date of wedding, November 16, 1935. They have one child, Charles Garland, born December 20, 1937. John J. McCallister, the third child born to Mr. and Mrs. McCallister, came to them October 3, 1915, and was united in marriage to Laura K. DeLawter December 25, 1934. They have one child, A. W. McCallister, Jr., born May 22, 1937.

Oren Jackson, Jesse and Ida's second child, was born May 6, 1886. After obtaining his education he was united in marriage to Oglie Davis September 15, 1909. Three children were born to this matrimonial union,

Mary Louise, born December 25, 1915 and died on the same date. Buried in Eden cemetery.

Virginia Jackson, born February 12, 1919. During her youthful days she obtained a splendid education. She is a real conversationalist, loves travel and natural scenery. At about the age of 18 years she was united in marriage to Wilbur Hasler, a bright young man of her neighborhood. The wedding was solemnized February 6, 1937. They have one child, Don R. Hasler, born February 26, 1938. Right here I beg to diverge. I authorize and appoint Don R. Hasler the task of compiling and the publication of a second volume of the Genealogy of the Hams, to be written between the years 1963 and 1988. If it shall be impossible, or he should feel indisposed at this period of time, I assume the authority to figuratively and literally transfer the above stated work to any person who carries the blood of our name in their veins. Oren's third and youngest child, up to date (1938), Jack B. Jackson, was born on July 24, 1929. He is now helping his dad run the farm and boarding with his mother.

Oscar Earl Jackson, born to Ida and Jesse on December 23, 1887 and died April 20, 1895. He is buried in Collier cemetery. Charity Mae Jackson, born September 25, 1890. When she married she united with a one A. B. Roberts on November 25, 1908. Four children came to bless and brighten this young couple. Herschel Eugene, born November 2, 1909 and was married to Miss Mamie Low, January 10, 1936. Ida Valora, born June 1, 1912. She married Mr. Frank Richman on November 16, 1932. Two children were born to this union, Idamae, born February 18, 1937; and Bobby, Jr., born August 15, 1938. James William and Jesse Wilson

Roberts (twins), third, fourth and last, were born on March 30, 1917.

Oma Hazel Jackson, Ida's fifth child, was born August 21, 1892. Died September 28, 1898. Buried in Collier cemetery, just east of Markleville. Charles Frederick, sixth child, born December 27, 1899. Was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Hendry on November 1, 1919. Died October 23, 1920. Buried in Pendleton cemetery. Clemett H. Jackson, Ida's seventh and youngest child, was born April 17, 1903. He married Miss Dorothy Brandon on January 21, 1928. First child, Larry C., born March 13, 1933. Second child, Linda Lou, born November 30, 1936.

Ida's children are well educated, good citizens and comfortably located near their mother, and is she proud of her children and grandchildren, I'll say she is and well may she be. We are all wishing Ida a long, comfortable life with happy birthdays.

William Ham, son of B. F. and Charity Ham, was born near Markleville, Ind., April 13, 1874. While growing into manhood he spent the most of the time obtaining an education in the Markleville schools and aiding his parents, in cooperation with his brothers, on what is now called the old farm home, just south of Markleville. He is now, at this writing (1938), affiliated with his brother, Centennial C. Ham, in agriculture. The boys have reached and passed their sixtieth milestone in life. While retaining full management and control of their large estate, they are also actively engaged in the buying and selling of livestock and real estate.

Will was 22 years old when he met and was united in marriage to Gertrude Huston, of Markleville, on December 12, 1896. Two children came to bless this hap-

py union. Their first born was named Terril Wayne, on June 14, 1898. He graduated from the Markleville high school, took a business course and later became a stockholder in the Markleville bank and soon was appointed cashier of said institution. He served in that capacity for a period of ten years. He next accepted a position in the office of the Delco-Remy plant in Anderson, Ind. Gladys Vivian Ham, Will's second child, was born July 14, 1901, near Shirley, Ind. She received her education in the Markleville schools and also graduated from The Madam Blaker Institute of Indianapolis. Gladys taught school in Rushville, Ind., four years. She was then united in marriage to Hobart Noland on June 13, 1931. They have one child, Billie, who was born October 3, 1935. They bought property in Markleville and are living there at this writing.

Just one hundred years after that famous paper was written by Thomas Jefferson and titled "The Declaration of Independence" and when John Hancock said at the meeting "To adopt or reject it, we must all hang together" and where Franklin said "Yes, or all hang separately," our centennial exhibition was in session at Philadelphia in honor of the founding of our great nation, in 1776. An additional feature to the centennial exhibition of 1876 was on April 15, when Centennial C. Ham, son of Hon. B. F. Ham, was born and on exhibition just south of Markleville, Ind. "Cen" grew up and is now a real citizen. The narrator is assuming, although the occasion has not yet presented itself, if our country calls on "Cen" for talent, tact and judgment, he can render service equal to our forefathers, who signed our paper of independence. While "Cen's" ideal has always been lofty, his favorite hobby is real, every-day farming. He owns and is comfortably situated on some of the very

best corn land in Madison county, Ind. He received his education in the Markleville schools. At the age of 22 years he was united in marriage to Pearl M. Jones, of Hancock county, August 13, 1893. To this union one child was born, January 15, 1902. Name: M. June Ham. She received her education at the Markleville schools and is also a graduate from the Butler college, Indianapolis, Ind. She was united in marriage on September 4, 1925, to Scott Ham, one of her classmates of Butler college. They now have three children, Winifred J., born May 4, 1926 in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Guinevere, born September 23, 1927, in Indianapolis, Ind., and Priscilla, born November 28, 1935, on the bank of the Mississippi river in Quincy, Ill. The fact that these children were born in three different states and on an average of three years, two months and eight days apart and their birth sites averaging 900 miles apart might be related as a miracle. At this writing Mr. Scott Ham is one of the employees at the Ball Brothers factory, Muncie, Ind.

Maggie Leota Ham Mauzy was born June 30, 1878. She obtained her school education while living with her parents, B. F. and Charity Ham, in the Markleville schools. At about the age of 20 she was united in marriage to Mr. George A. Mauzy, of her home community, on July 1, 1898. George is a real dirt farmer. His home and farm is located just east of Emporia in Madison county, Ind. One child was born to this happy union, named Ina Marie, in the month of January, 1901. She grew up and was educated in the Markleville schools and was united in marriage to Loren Slaughter in September. No children have been born to this union up to this date (1937). In the year 1919 this worthy couple took to rear and educate, a little orphan girl four years

old, from a church society, termed by the church "a fresh air child." She has been so wonderfully loved and cared for in her new home she, herself, has adopted her foster parents' name. She is now known as Wanda Slaughter. Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter and their lovable daughter are residing in a nice home on a splendid farm just south of Markleville. Right here the writer begs to remark to the reader that if every childless home in this land of ours knew and could realize the love, comfort and happiness a little orphan child can bring to their life, no married couple would live a lifetime without children.

So if you have no children, oh, now let me pray,
You open your heart to some orphan today;
You can love them as Christ did, just try it
And see, and God will at once lead the way.

JUST A VERSE

Let those who want to live alone and spend their money on themselves,
Buy clothes that time and wear destroy, or books that idle on the shelves,
Or boastful jewels which proclaim their owner's fondness of display,
Sure we are all spenders on this earth, shopping for something every day,
But they are happiest down here, best satisfied, and reconciled unto the role they play in life,
Who spend their money on a child.
Better by far than jewels gay, are little eyes that shine with joy,
Better than bulging bank accounts it is, to own a girl or boy.
Pink ribbons tied to golden curls, glow far more brightly through the years,

And are much richer ornaments than diamonds in a woman's ears.

Here is a joy that all may know, however great or small his share,

Seldom is any man too poor to give a child a father's care.

There is one way that man can buy with money perfect happiness,

That is to be a father to a child who would be fatherless; To spend his gold that one who came to misery and want and woe,

Should have a father's love and care and all the joys of childhood know.

And when at last his journey ends, whatever else he may have done,

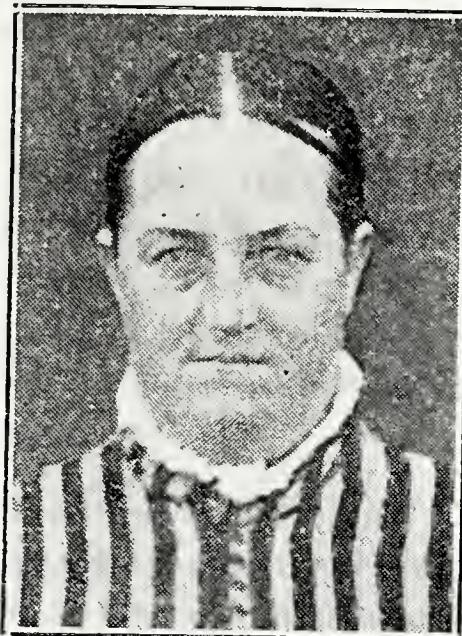
He shall rejoice that he has helped along life's road a little one.

Roscoe Benjamin Ham, youngest son of B. F. and Charity Ham, was born August 31, 1881. After obtaining his education, being a graduate from the Warrington high school, he started early in life in business for himself in Markleville, Ind. In the year 1905 he accepted a position with the United States Post Office Department to carry the mail on a rural free delivery route out of Markleville. He has faithfully and honestly served the people in this capacity for a period of thirty-three years and is, at this date (1938) actively engaged in this public trust. In the year 1905, June 29, Ross was united in marriage to Miss Cora Hardy, of his home town. Two children have been given to this pleasant and sympathetic couple. Marguerite was born June 17, 1913. After graduating from the Markleville schools, she became a graduate of the Butler University of Indianapolis, Ind. Edwin Hardy, the son, was born March 17, 1917. After

leaving the Markleville schools, he graduated from the Indiana University of Bloomington, Ind. Both children have a wonderful personality and are amply fitted to meet the problems of their generation. This loveable family, through prudence and careful investment, has acquired a beautiful residence, nicely located, in their home town and many, many broad acres of splendid corn ground close-in and around Markleville.

Blanch Virginia Ham Stinson, born April 27, 1888, in the county of Clinton, state of Indiana. While living with her parents, B. F. and Charity Ham, she acquired a high degree in scholarship both in music and our public schools. At about the age of nineteen years she was united in marriage to Mr. John M. Stinson, of Markleville, Ind., on November 29, 1907. From a mere youth, John became actively interested in his father's commercial vocation and when his parents died, John took over his father's mercantile activities as his own vocation in life and conducted the same until his untimely death, which occurred on March 21, 1935. He is buried in the Memorial Park cemetery, Anderson, Ind. One child was born to the union, Benjamin F., born May 30, 1908. At Mr. J. M. Stinson's death, B. F., his son, took over his father's business and is, at this writing, conducting the same a short distance west of Markleville. Mr. B. F. Stinson was married in 1930 and divorced in 1932. No children were born to this couple.

Mrs. Blanch Ham Stinson owns and is now living in Markleville, where her parents lived at their death.



SARAHAN M. HAM

Sarahan M. Ham, born in Madison county, Ind., November 14, 1846. While living with her parents, Vernon and Virginia Ham, she and her sister, Martha, aided their mother with the carding, spinning and weaving from the home-grown flax and wool, all the clothes worn and the bedding they used was homespun from linen and wool.

Miss Sarahan M. Ham was united in marriage to John F. Cook on June 16, 1861. They were married by the Rev. James Collier in her father's house, the little old log cabin on the Madison county line, near Markleville, in the presence of the entire community, as Mrs. Ham Cook many times related to her children in later years. Mr. and Mrs. Cook started home-making just across the county line in Hancock county, on the banks of Sugar Creek. Mrs. Ham Cook was a sister of William J. Ham, Hon. G. W. Ham, Hon. B. F. Ham, Mrs. Daniel Markle, Caleb V. Ham and Samuel N. Ham. Mr. and Mrs. Cook were counted among the early pioneers

of Brown township. They united with the Baptist church early in life, were worthy members, honest, clever and high-minded citizens. Eleven children were born to this union, Lillian, Ardella, Allen, Nancy V., Dora, Joseph, Leonard, Laura, Lula and two that died in infancy. They were elderly folks at their death. They had spent nearly their entire lifetime on the farm, which they developed from a real forest. Mrs. Ham Cook died in the year 1934 and is buried with her husband in the Harlan cemetery, Hancock county, Ind.

Lillian, their oldest daughter, was born October 13, 1865 and lived with her parents until she united in marriage to Lambert Moffit, a farmer living near Cadiz, Ind. One child was given to this union, John Calvin Paul, born June 11, 1904. John is now living in or near New Castle, Ind. He is unmarried. Mr. Lambert Moffit died in the year 1934. Mrs. Moffit then moved to Wilkinson, Ind., to live with her sister, Nancy Viola Cook.

Ardella Cook, born September 27, 1867. She was united in marriage to Parker VanWinkle, of Henry county, September 3, 1892, a farmer of that community. Three children came to bless their home. Herbert A. VanWinkle was born June 10, 1893. He lived on the farm with his parents until October, 1912, when he too was united in marriage, to a Miss Jennie Drisdale. His father died on September 25, 1908. Herbert then purchased the home of his mother and sister and is on the farm at this writing (1937). One child came to bless this happy home, Katherine, born September 8, 1921. Ruby Virginia, the second child, was born March 26, 1897. She was married to a Mr. Howard Martin, of New Castle, Ind., on June 30, 1917. Mr. Martin is a factory worker, lives in his own home located at 1232 Woodlawn Drive, New Castle, Ind. They have no chil-

dren at this writing. Mrs. VanWinkle's third child, Maryan, was born May 27, 1907 and died soon after its birth and is buried in the Mechanicsburg cemetery. Mrs. Ardella VanWinkle is now living in her own home in the village of Cadiz, Henry county, Ind.

Laura Jane Cook was born November 2, 1869. She lived with her parents until about the age of 23 when she was united in marriage to a Mr. Scott Lewis, of Henry county, Ind., on September 23, 1892. Four children were born to the union. Robert, the oldest child is now married and living in Chicago. He has one son, Robert, Jr. Bessie Marie, born April 17, 1903 and died at the age of two years and three months old. The third child, a boy, died in early infancy. Last and youngest child, Edith May, born November 25, 1905 and is living with her parents in their beautiful farm home, situated in Wayne county, Ind., near Green's Fork. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have been reasonably successful in a financial way and while comparatively young yet, have retired from actual farming but still keenly interested in agriculture and governmental industry.

Nancy V. Cook was born to Sarahan Ham Cook on December 4, 1871. After finishing her common school education and taking a normal course at Terre Haute, Ind., she taught district school for eleven years in Brown township, Hancock county, where she was born and reared. Nancy V. was never married and naturally became much interested in her father's and mother's business activities on the farm and their care and nursing until death relieved them of the trials and tribulations on this earth, at the ripened age of 88 years. Nancy is living at this writing (1937) in a nice comfortable home of her own in the village of Wilkinson, Ind.

John Allen Cook, oldest son of this family, was born February 25, 1873, and has spent his entire life up to this writing (1937) on the old farm homestead. He is today the proud owner and possessor of 60 acres on which is situated his nice residence and out-buildings, being a portion of the 400-acre tract which his father and mother gleaned from the forest many, many years ago. Allen and his wife, a Miss Jennie Moor, of Kennard, Henry county, were united in marriage on December 27, 1910. They have no children at this writing.

Dora Virginia Cook Brown was born November 28, 1876, and was united in marriage to Mr. Evert S. Brown, of Mechanicsburg, Henry county, Ind., on December 24, 1895. The writer attended this wedding, which was solemnized at the home of the bridegroom's parents. A grand feast followed the tying of the nuptial knot and a real social function was the spirit of the day. He was 20 years old, she 19. He was a little taller than his bride, giving the impression of a well matched pair, capable of stepping out and meeting and greeting the requirements of a long and successful married life. Dora has, up to this writing, proven herself to be a good housekeeper, wife and mother. Evert has managed to "fetch in the bacon". Two children were born to this cheerful couple. Donald E. was born April 25, 1897. After obtaining his education in the Indianapolis schools he was united in marriage to a Miss Wilhelmina S. Kremliner, April 26, 1918. They have no children at this writing. They are living in the state of California. Mary H. Brown Moore was born September 23, 1899. After her schooling she was united in marriage to Mr. Alvin C. Moore, on June 26, 1918. They have two daughters, Phyllis Virginia, born March 8, 1920, and Betty Lou, born April 18, 1927. They are now living with their

parents in Say Brook, Ill. Evert and Dora are living in their own home, located at 2752 Cornell avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., near where he works for the Link Belt Company. He has been in their employment for twenty years.

William Lenard Cook was born August 9, 1879. While living with his parents on the farm he obtained a high degree of schooling and scholarship, sufficient to enable him to teach, and early in life took up teaching school as a vocation. At his untimely death, on August 5, 1937, he had successfully taught twenty-five terms of school, all in his home locality. Lenard was a tall, light-complected, handsome man and a friend to everybody. He was united in marriage to Katherine M. Bates on August 26, 1905. To this union two children were given in birth, Junya B. and Louis E. Junya was born July 10, 1907, and at the age of 23 years, she was united in marriage to Dr. James R. Collier, on September 2, 1930. Both are now residing in Sioux City, Ia. Louis was born December 16, 1910. At about the age of 24 years, he was united in marriage to Marguerite Hudson on September 1, 1934. They are living in Wilkinson, Ind., at this writing (1937). To them two children have been born, James Robert, who died in infancy, and Ronald Edwin, born March 22, 1937; age, eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenard Cook were living at the time of Mr. Cook's death, in their own home situated in Wilkinson, Ind., where he taught school for so many years. In 1934 Mrs. Sarahan Cook died at the age of 88 years. Shortly after her dower of the late John F. Cook's estate, occupied by the large two-story brick house and out-buildings, all newly erected in the year 1879, the same year Lenard was born, was sold at public auction to the highest bidder. Lenard bid and bought 67 acres

containing the orchard, beautiful shade trees and the home of his childhood. This was all within one-half mile of where his mother was born, married and spent her entire life. Mrs. Lenard Cook is now living in the Wilkinson home. Her many friends and relatives trust she may live long and enjoy the rest so earnestly and faithfully earned by herself and husband.

We understand, Mr. and Mrs. Cook, before Lenard passed away, made legal arrangements that, at their death the old homestead must be handed down to their son, Louis E. Cook, just to hold the farm in the family name. Now listen! The news has just arrived. The stork, on December 23, 1937, passed over Sioux City, Ia., and dropped little William Louis Collier at the home of James and Junya, his loving parents.

Arthur Joel Vernon Cook was born to John F. and Sarahan (Ham) Cook on November 16, 1883. He was united in marriage to Miss Bessie Jackson, of Henry county. One child was born to this happy union, on December 24, 1907 and named Glenn J. Arthur J. V. Cook grew up to be a real dirt farmer and at this writing is comfortably located just across the Hancock and Madison county line from his brother, John Allen Cook. His building site is now occupying the same ground and the same tract of land his grandfather, Vernon Ham, obtained from the government about the year 1835. The little old log cabin, in which Arthur's mother was born and married is gone. "Old Father Time" did his work well, and when those log buildings ceased to render the service for which they were erected, "Father Time" kindly and gently took them in hand and returned the same to the elements from which they came.

The good, comfortable buildings now on this site, made of nicely finished lumber, are rendering only the

real service our forefathers received from the stick chimney, clapboard roof and puncheon floor. Joe Cook, as he is called and better known among his local friends, now owns, lives on and farms this historical tract of land.

Joe's good wife and help-mate died February 26, 1920, and is buried in the Harlan cemetery. Their son, Glenn, was united in marriage to Miss Opal Stickler, of Madison county, September 1, 1929. They have no children at this time. He is a factory man and works in Anderson, Ind.

Lula Victory Cook, youngest child of John F. and Sarahan Cook, was born October 31, 1886. After obtaining an education, she was united in marriage to Harry Drisback, of Youngstown, Ohio, in the year 1929. No children born to this union at this writing. Farming is their occupation. They are now living near Farmland, in Randolph county, Ind.



MARTHA J. HAM MARKLE

Martha J. Ham, daughter of Vernon and Virginia

Ham, was born September 23, 1849, in Madison county, Indiana. Soon after obtaining a public school education she became acquainted with Daniel W. Markle, a young school teacher of Markleville, Ind., and they were united in marriage in the year 1865. To this union five children were born, William O., Edward L., Orie E., Tunis K. and George B. O. Markle. In 1879 Mr. and Mrs. Markle moved to Springport, Jackson county, Mich., where they took up the study and practice of medicine. Mrs. Martha (Ham) Markle became a trained nurse and mid-wife. She followed this line of work for many years. She was a great mother and a samaritan to all children. She died at Alger, Mich., on August 12, 1921, being 71 years, 11 months and 13 days old. She is buried by her husband in the Springport cemetery, Jackson county, Mich.



W. O. MARKLE

William Otto Markle, oldest son of Martha J. Ham Markle, was born June 6, 1867, in the presence of the

fireplace, spinning wheel, loom, trundle-bed, clapboard roof and puncheon floor, in the log cabin owned by his Grandfather Ham. Willie was one of the 800 babies Mrs. James Collier, as nurse and mid-wife, assisted nature in bringing into this world of ours during her long and useful life of charity. At about the age of 12 years he moved with his parents from New Castle, Ind., to Albion, Mich. After obtaining an education, he worked on the farm, studied and taught vocal music during the winter season. At the age of 29 years he chose from his many singing pupils a one Minnie H. Bradford, of Hamlin township, Eaton county, Mich., for a wife, and they were united in marriage on February 13, 1897. They started life together on a farm near Eaton Rapids, Mich. No children were ever born to this happy union. In 1907, while the wife conducted the little farm, he attended and graduated from an auction college at Chicago and followed that profession for a livelihood until the year 1930 and retired from its activities. In the year 1911, Mr. and Mrs. Markle took for themselves to rear and educate, an infant orphan three months old, named Dorothy Mae Bradford. She was the daughter of Mrs. Markle's brother. In the year 1914 on September 14th, Mrs. Markle died and is buried in the Hamlin cemetery, near Eaton Rapids. Mr. Markle and Dorothy then went to make their home with Mrs. Martha Ham Markle, who then was a widow. But on the sands of life sorrow treads heavily and leaves a print time cannot wash away. Mrs. Martha Ham Markle died on August 12, 1921, being 71 years, 11 months and 13 days old. She is buried with her husband in the Springport cemetery near the village. Nine years after Mr. Markle's first wife died he again was united in marriage, to Nellie E. Fraizer, of New Castle, Ind., on June 21, 1923. One child was born to this union, William H., on March 25, 1925 and died

at birth. In May, 1928, Mr. and Mrs. Markle moved from Michigan to New Castle, Ind., where they now reside (1937), getting back to the old family home and birthplace. Dorothy graduated from New Castle high school in 1929 and was united in marriage to Mr. Morton Nickell, a classmate of said high school, on December 15, 1929. Three children have been born to this union, Jean, January 20, 1931; Joan, January 12, 1933, and Morton, Jr., December 18, 1934, and died December 27, 1938, at the age of 4 years and 9 days and is buried in the Hillsboro cemetery in Henry county, Ind. Their home and residence is located on Cave., New Castle, Ind.



EDWARD L. MARKLE

Martha Ham Markle's second child was named Edward L. He was born November 8, 1868. He grew up to be and is now a real dirt farmer. Seemingly possessing an unusual love for his family, farm home and horses. After working for several years as a farm hand, he met Miss Alice Clark, of Eaton county, Mich., and they were united in marriage August 5, 1891. Some years later he bought an unimproved 140-acre tract of land in Arenac county, Mich., where they live at this writing (1937). Braving the very hardest struggles of pioneer life, he and

Alice, pulling together, have improved the unimproved and their reward is a splendid farm home situated near Alger, Mich. To this union six children were born, Ivan, on August 29, 1898; Leslie, June 12, 1901; Marie, November 23, 1903; Clarice C., August 21, 1906; Gerald W., June 2, 1916, and Cleo V., July 18, 1921. Ivan is unmarried and lives with his parents. Leslie is married, has four children and lives near the old home. Their first child, Ve-Laura Alice, born August 19, 1927; Lyle Delton, born June 14, 1929; Patricia Marie, born March 17, 1934, and Maxine Mary, born November 9, 1938. Leslie is a carpenter, contractor, owns his own home and is one of the prosperous young men of his community.

I do not know any better way to begin a short sketch of the Markles of Greenwood than with Patty—short for Patricia—and VeLaura and Maxine Markle. Lyle wasn't there, so I have no conclusions to jot down about this gentleman of nine. Maxine is the latest edition of the Markles. A month and a half old, her startled eyes have not yet become accustomed to the wonders of this world. But what she lacks along those lines, Patricia supplies. Patricia is four, one of the friendliest little creatures I've met in all Ogemaw, whose rendition in song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" was one of the entertaining features of an afternoon at Greenwood. Nothing bashful about her. No strangers in her life. Not a bit of stage fright in her makeup as she stands before Greenwood audiences at the old Greenwood school to recite and sing her little pieces.

Then there was VeLaura, eleven. A charming miss, with a quiet little womanliness about her, a refinement that lifts her above so many little girls. She is her mother's great companion and willing worker which stamps her as one of those girls apart.

Their mother was born a Hartwick—Margaret—a mile north of Alger, a mile and a half east, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hatwick. As a little girl she used to trudge down the road to the old Moffett school, then spent a year at Standish. Ambitious and musically inclined, she later went off to the conservatory of music at Lansing, from there to the Ferris Institute at Big Rapids. The American Conservatory of Music at Chicago became her next ambition. Miss Ida Marsh, now Mrs. Ed. McGowan, will remember this little girl who learned her A B C's at the old Moffett school where she taught so many years ago.

Leslie came from Eaton Rapids with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Markle, when he was three years old. While Margaret Hartwick was trudging down the country roads to the Moffett school, Leslie was pursuing his way down the Ogemaw roads to the Greenwood school. Among all the pupils that have come and gone in that old Greenwood school, not one was better liked by his teachers than Leslie Markle and no teacher ever received greater adoration and respect than was in the heart of Leslie Markle. They still remember him as he remembers them.

He still has those flashing black eyes, that unobtrusiveness which was so characteristic of him then. You would pick him out in any crowd, with his dark hair, his tall leanness, those characteristic sideburns, which, jocularly I might say, belong more to a Music Master than a builder of log houses.

Marie, after receiving a local school and business education, was united in marriage to one of her classmates, a World war veteran, Mr. Willford S. Allen, on November 22, 1923. One child came to bless this hap-

py couple, Willford S. Allen, Jr., born July 12, 1925. From the ill effects of the World war, Willford sickened and died on October 18, 1932 and is buried in the Alger cemetery. Willford, Jr., at this writing (1938) is living with his grandparents, E. L. Markle and wife. Marie is doing some kind of office work for a firm in Flint, Mich. E. L.'s three youngest children are dead and buried in the Alger cemetery.



ORIE E. MARKLE PERKINS

Martha Ham Markle's third child was Orie E., born December 25, 1870. At the age of 23 years she was united in marriage on February 14, 1893, to John R. Clay, of Eaton county, Mich., and moved shortly after to Lakeview, Montcalm county, same state. One child was born to this union, Adrian, November 27, 1894, and was drowned in Tamorac lake November 21, 1906 and buried in Lakeview cemetery. Later Mr. and Mrs. Clay were divorced and Mrs. Clay was reunited in marriage to Mr. Jesse J. Perkins, of Lakeview, on March 17,

1915. Jesse J. was a contractor and builder. He died on December 6, 1926, at the age of 58 years. He is buried in Lakeview cemetery. Mrs. Perkins is living in Lakeview, where she has resided for forty-three years.



T. K. MARKLE

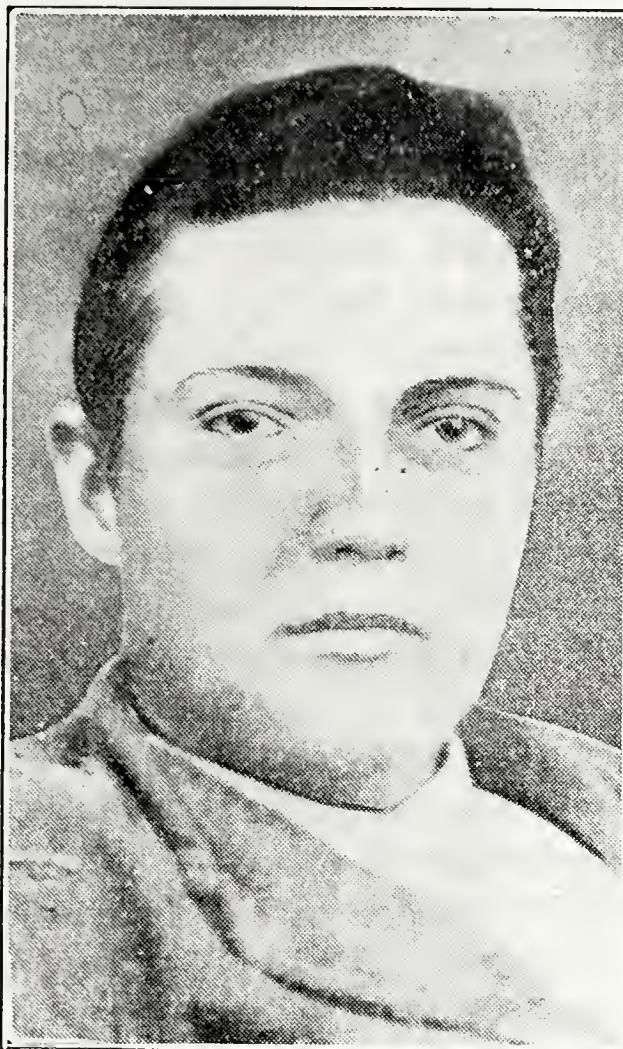
Martha Ham Markle's fourth child, Tunis K. Markle, was born September 14, 1873. He lived with his parents on a farm and was educated in Michigan schools prior to 1904, at which time he began the study of Ophthalmology and Optics with the Philadelphia Optical College at Philadelphia, Pa. Soon after his graduation he became registered as an Optometrist in the state of Michigan and chose Lansing as a location to practise his science. After a few years of successful and strenuous practise his health failed, compelling him to abandon work and seek physical aid. Very soon he was fortunate in regaining his health through the science of Chiropractic and in the year 1910 he entered the Palmer School of Chiropractic at Davenport, Ia., as a student and two

years later graduated with the degree of Doctor of Chiropractic. Almost immediately after graduation he went to Philadelphia, where he practised Chiropractic his first year, and then to Albion, Mich. In the year 1913 he moved his office to New Castle, Ind., where he is in active practise at this writing (1937) being sole owner and operator of the New Castle Chiropractic Sanitarium.



GEORGE B. O. MARKLE

Martha Ham Markle's fifth and youngest child, George B. O. Markle, born October 24, 1875. He lived a farmer and spent most of his life in the vicinity of Springport, Jackson county, Mich. On December 28, 1898, at the age of 23 years, he married Miss Mary E. Miller, a farmer's daughter of Jackson county. To this union was given one child, Gladys, born on June 18, 1901. On May 11, 1904, George was taken sick and lived only four days, dying at the youthful age of 28 years, 6 months and 21 days. He is buried in the Springport cemetery. Gladys is married but has no children. She is living on a farm with her husband, Frank Mosey, near Barryton, Mecosta county, Mich.



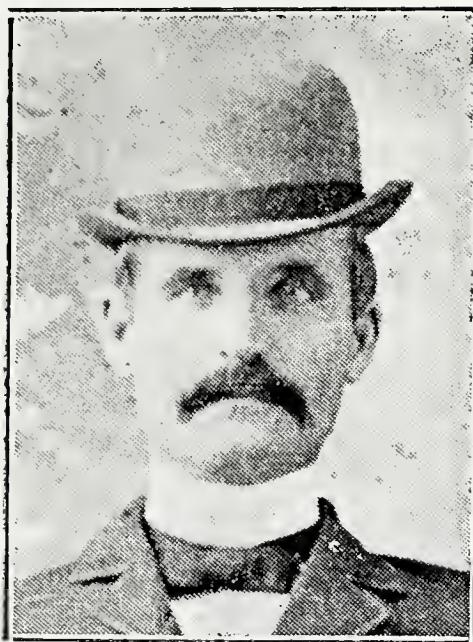
CALEB HAM

Caleb Ham, son of Vernon and Virginia Ham, was born in Madison county, Ind., in the year 1855. He was a cripple from birth, lived with his parents and received a practical business education of private tutors. His aptness and shrewd ways of doing things enabled him, when a man, to overcome the handicap of being a cripple and with a high ambition to accumulate property, he entered the business world with a smile and a cheerful mood and made good. Uncle Cale, as we all addressed him, was the sixth child born of strong, husky and healthy pioneer parents, with a beautifully formed face,

head and neck, light blue eyes and dark hair. But his little body was just one mass of distorted deformity, weighing only a few pounds at birth. It was suggested by the attending mid-wife they place him between two feather beds and forget him until time to bury the little soul, but the parents strongly objected to first degree murder, saying, this child will be a blessing to and the pride of our family. Caleb was healthy, took food and grew rapidly. Superstitious persons gave many reasons for the child's physical condition. Some believed it a curse sent upon the parents, others a freak, caused by or, in the way the mother held her geese while picking them at the time she was carrying the child before birth. At this juncture, let me describe the formation of his body and limbs. First, double curvature of the spine, his legs were crossed at the knees. The right leg and foot at the crossing, projected to the left and upward at a level with his hip. The left leg to the right and upward, same as the right one. His feet were in a semi-circle, bringing the toes and heel almost together. He never wore a shoe, just a straight home-made sock, tied on with a string. His arms hung by his side, twisted one-half around, palms outward, fingers stiff and drawn to center of palm. He could not raise his hands to face. He could not stand upright, only by the aid of crutches. When down, he could not get up. He could not sit on a chair or anything. When placed upright he could only stand by leaning against some object. His way of locomotion was to raise himself by his crutches, from the floor or ground, swing himself forward about eighteen or twenty inches, landing each time on those knees. Large callouses or shock-absorbers, provided by nature, formed on the knees, so jumping along inflicted no pain. When it came meal-time, he liked to wash his hands and face without help. He would hop over to a pan of wa-

ter placed low down and a towel hanging on the wall. Poised on one crutch, he would rub his hands together with a loose swing of the arm, throw from the hand water up into his face, take one crutch, slip the head behind the towel, move his face over the towel and dry himself. He would then hop to the table, lean against a chair placed for him, giving the arm a swing and landing the hand beside his plate, already filled with something to eat. He could grasp a knife or fork, then place his mouth to the food. He drank from a glass or cup by grasping the same between his lips and teeth and lifting his face to such an angle as to drain the container. He liked to whittle with a jack-knife. He would grasp the knife, placing the back of his hand tightly on his right thigh, then draw the stick with the other hand across the blade. And to top the whole situation off, he had a large abdominal hernia. He and Uncle Samuel drove down to the old swimming hole in Sugar creek one day. They took me along. I was seven years old. I remember, we took Cale's clothes off and placed him on his back in the water. He floated like cork, kept right side up and had a great swim. Uncle Cale, when full grown, was about forty inches high and weighed from fifty to sixty pounds. His clothes were always made to order. He was always joyous, enjoyed a good story and a hearty laugh. He never talked of self-pity or sympathy. He loved to trade his belongings for something you might have and he always managed to get the best of the deal. He was soon trading livestock, farm and city property. He owned a nice horse and buggy, but could not care for the horse or get in or out of the vehicle. He could drive when placed in the carriage by a friend. At one time a relative placed him on the train bound for Tipton, Ind. When the conductor came to take his ticket, Uncle Cale, said with a smile, "I have no pass. I

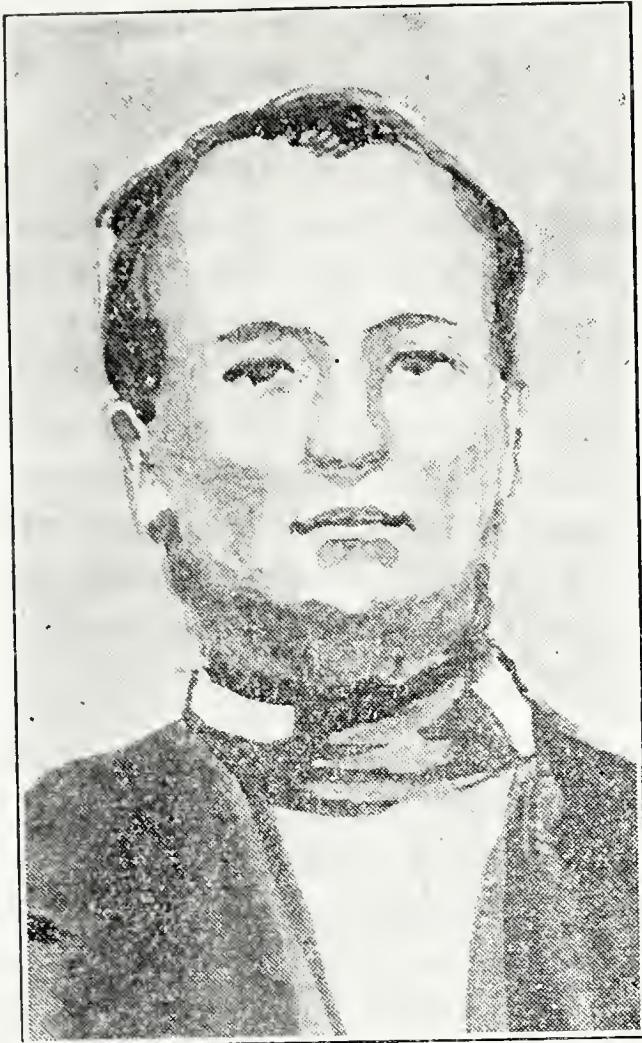
understand you do not charge preachers or cripples car-fare; I am both." The conductor looked Cale over and remarked, "No, we do not. Do you use tobacco or drink intoxicants?" "I have never touched either," was the answer. "Do you gamble?" "No, sir," was the reply. The trainman pulled a bill from his pocket, and said, "Here is a dollar, perhaps it will help you on your way." My uncle told this story many times, saying it made him feel a little red in the face, but he took the cash. At one time, before Barnum and Bailey's world-wide known circuses consolidated, Barnum came to see Uncle Cale and family, offering him all manner of inducements in way of wages, fine clothes, care and comforts furnished by special servants. In the way of an answer, Uncle Cale remarked, "No, I do not care to travel. I love my parents and this old log cabin in which I was born, better than all the world and its publicity." Mr. Bailey, then conducted the second largest show in the world, came and offered great riches, silk and satin robes and said that he need not ever touch the ground, if he so willed it. But Uncle Cale again refused, saying, "I prefer a quiet life with father and mother until death separates us." After the parents were gone, Uncle Cale and Uncle Sam, a younger brother and batchelor, lived alone and together in a fine little property just south of Markleville, where Uncle Cale died in the year 1903. He is buried in the Harlan cemetery, Hancock county, Ind. His property, both real and personal, went to his brother, Samuel.



SAMUEL N. HAM

Samuel N. Ham, youngest child of Vernon Ham, was born in 1858, and lived with his parents until they passed away. He was highly educated, taught private and public school for several years and at one time he held a life certificate to teach. Afterward he took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar and practised said profession for several years before retiring in life. He lived a single man, never was married. He died in Mankleville in the year 1913 and was buried in the Harlan cemetery.

*Great
Great Grandfather
William*



SAMUEL HAM

Samuel Ham, born November 13, 1808, was married to a Miss Royer of his own state. They were the parents of twelve children. Their names are as follows: Sarah E., Joseph P., Jacob H., Noah W., William J., Mary C., Nancy Ann, Martha Jane, Lucy S., Hiram N., Samuel P. and Hank A. It was said they were the most beautiful family of children in Madison county at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Ham, after passing through the trials and tribulations of pioneer life, left us, to see them no more on earth. He died in 1870, and she on July 26, 1898. They are both buried in Mount Etna cemetery in

Huntington county, Ind. The children have all followed their parents in death. The last to go was Hiram on February 4, 1936. Either Joseph or Elijah Ham came to Indiana at the time, or about the time, Samuel and Vernon came, but in 1860 or just before the Civil war broke out (being a southern sympathizer), returned with his family to his home state. My mother used to say for a joke that her cousins down there went out in the war to shoot her Brother George, who enlisted from here. I am of the opinion it was Elijah who went back and three of his sons, George, Jake and Will, returned to Indiana shortly after the war closed in 1865. It appears Samuel Ham and family moved from Madison county, where he first settled, to Huntington county and bought a farm, where he died.

Sarah E. Ham, first of Samuel and Elizabeth Ham's children, was born April 1, 1832. She was married to Mr. Warren Robbins, of Wayne county, Ind. To this union six children were born, Elizabeth, Orange, Martha Jane, James, William and Martin. Sarah E. died on October 1, 1913. Joseph, the second child, was born November 22, 1833 and was united in marriage to Celia (somebody) of Madison county. To this union six children came to bless this couple, as follows, Mary, Alonzo, John, Alice, Bell and Dannie. Joseph died August 3, 1903. Jacob H., next in advent was born November 27, 1835. He was married to Lucendy Sweet, of Wayne county. Three children came to this home, Allie, John and Myrta. Mrs. Ham died and Mr. Ham remarried to Mrs. Ham's sister, Amanda Sweet (had a sweet tooth). Two children were born to the second wife. Their names were Oris and Edith. Mr. Ham died on August 27, 1893.

Noah W. Ham, born February 6, 1838. He was

united in marriage to a Miss Mahalia Daily, of Madison county. Noah lived the life of a four-square hard-working drayman in Anderson for many, many years. Four children were born to this union, Anna, the older of the bunch, Thomas, Carrie and Charles. Noah died March 12, 1921. All dead at this writing (1939) but Thomas. He is living in the home town (Anderson). William J. was born December 27, 1839. Married to Sarah Riggs, of Madison county. To this union was born seven children, as follows: Avery G., Elizabeth, Bell, Edgar, Joseph D., Minnie and Blanch. The father died on March 21, 1915. Mary C. Ham was born April 18, 1842. She was married to Joseph Husten, of Madison county. To this union came two children, Rosie and a boy who died in infancy. Have no data on the marriage or death of Mrs. Husten.

Nancy Ann, born March 16, 1844. Was united in marriage to George Martin, of Huntington county, Ind. Moved to Kansas, lived, died and was buried there, leaving two children, Thomas and Vertie.

Martha Jane Ham (my mother's full name, but three years older) was born March 24, 1846. Married to Mr. John Sweet, of ~~Huntington~~ county and went there to live. To this union one child was born, Zua Eudela. The mother died September 1, 1922 (my mother in 1921). Lucy S. Ham, born January 29, 1848. Married to Thomas Weller, of Huntington county. To this union five children were born, namely, Mattie, Fred, Emma, Samuel and Ban. Mrs. Weller died June 17, 1931. Hiram N., born February 20, 1850. Married in Huntington county to Elizabeth Dinius. To this union three children were born, Harry, the older one, a girl who lived about two years and a boy who died in infancy. The mother also died. Mr. Ham again united

in marriage to Elizabeth Fisher and to this union three children were born, namely, Ona, Thaddeus and James. Samuel P. was born August 14, 1852. He died October 7, 1917; was never married. Hank Anderson Ham was born September 24, 1855. He was married to Lyda Russell. Two children were born to this union. The father died on February 8, 1897. Laura and Esta were his girls' names. I take pleasure in the hope that someone of the younger relatives of the Ham family tree, especially those of the above named branches, write and publish a second issue, bring down a biography of the children, grandchildren and their children, so we can keep, with the aid of the next history, a direct contact with all branches of our great tree. As I understand it, this book is the first ever written of the Ham generations, making it a difficult problem, after one hundred years have elapsed since the first Ham advent into our country, to obtain an exact line of relationship, so come on with another family pedigree, you children.

George Hiram Ham, a son of Elijah Ham, was born near Harper's Ferry, Shenandoah valley, Va., on October 24, 1849. In the year 1870 he and two brothers, William and Jacob, came to Madison county, Ind., and worked on the farm for their Uncle Vernon, B. F. Ham, John F. Cook, their cousins, for several years. Jake and Will returned to spend their latter days with their parents in good old Virginia. George remained here and was united in marriage to a Tipton county girl, Martha Jane Axtell. George accepted her as a wife and Christmas present on December 25, 1878. They started out in the lifeboat on a rented farm. Cousin George lived the life of a Christian. The teaching of Christ deprived him and his family of the methods of dishonesty and all manner of bad habits. He was endowed with a god-

given talent for music, a wonderful voice which lead the choir and congregation in the church to which he belonged for many years. In the year 1890 they left the farm and bought the Lowden undertaking business in Michigantown, Ind., and except for one year (1909-1910), he followed this profession the remainder of his life. He was a great reader and a practical business man. On May 12, 1912 Mrs. Ham sickened and died in the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis, Ind. Cousin George married a second time to Mrs. Dicia Daily on October 17, 1917. I recall meeting them shortly after the wedding at Uncle Ben's home in Markleville. Uncle introduced the newly-wed as wife number two. I quote Mrs. Oden Sheets, George's oldest girl: "She was a wonderful Christian woman and so kind to us children and a true helpmate for father. No one could have filled my mother's place better." Three children were born to Cousin George by his first wife. Viola Belle, born on March 4, 1880 in Madison county. Education: two years in grammar and high school at Michigantown. Was united in marriage to Oden Sheets on March 7, 1903. Lived on a farm in Jackson county, Ind., from 1905 to 1909. They conducted a grocery and furniture store in Frankfort, Ind., from 1909 to 1916. In 1925 they embarked in the coal business and are now in said industry (1939). In 1932 Mr. Sheets bought six acres of young apple orchard, joining the Kirklin Corporation. In February 1938 they purchased a home in Kirklin, adjoining their apple orchard on the south. A son, Jacob Axtell Sheets, came to brighten this young couple's already happy life. He was born November 10, 1904. He grew up, finished his grammar and high school and then graduated from an Illinois university in June, 1929. And then, oh, then got married, January 20, 1930, to Mary Madeline Merriman of Frankfort, Ind. He is now

living in New York City. Is manager of Long Lines Sales Service of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. No children, as yet, do they have. Charles Homer Ham, born April 14, 1881. Soon after finishing his grammar and high school education, he united in marriage with Bessie Mable Lamberson, of Michigan-town, in June, 1904. Two children came to bless this union. George, son of Charles Homer Ham, was born in Miami, Oklahoma, in the year 1910. Graduated at DePauw college in 1931 and is now on the high school faculty of Lowell, Ind. Mamic Evelyn, the girl, was born August 2, 1914. After obtaining her education, taught two years in training and University college. Was married November 30, 1934, to Clayton Louch. One daughter born to this union, Nancy June, October 11, 1935. Mr. Louch is a mail-carrier in Frankfort, Ind., where he lives.

Edith Adclaide, George and Martha's youngest child was born April 1, 1883. After obtaining the usual routine of schooling, she became acquainted with a one Dr. Byron L. Thorpe, of Boyleston, Ind., and was married. One child came to bless their home, Eulalia Beth, born May, 1904. The daughter follows suit with the holy bands of hemlock and at the age of 21 years, consented to wed George Dice, of Kokomo, in the year 1925. They have one daughter at this writing, Mary Jane, born November 30, 1934. They are now living in Kokomo, Ind., at 803 South Washington street.

A copy of a letter written November 15, 1937, by a one Mrs. Susie Hamm Montgomery, of 321 Harmeling, St. Bristol, Va., addressed to W. O. Markle, New Castle, Ind., giving some of the names and addresses of our Ham relatives who are now living in that section of old Virginia, where the first Hams settled on arrival

from England to America. She also speaks of their Ham reunion, held at Backbone Rock, near Damascus, Va., on Sunday, August 29, 1937. She writes as follows:

W. O. Markle,
New Castle, Ind.
Dear Relative:

As regards the Hamm reunion, we had the most wonderful time. There were about two hundred and fifty grown people beside the children. Rev. William Hamm, of Laurel Springs, N. Car., was in attendance and we had a grand meeting. I don't believe I ever shook hands with so many people in my life at one gathering. And of all the fried chicken, meat loaves, sandwiches of all kinds, cake and pie. Oh, my. I never saw so much eats piled on tables in all my life put together. We had plenty for all and lots left over. We are going to have the Hamm reunion next year the last Sunday in July. We want you all to plan to be there. And bring all the Hamms from out there. Will let you know a couple of months ahead of time. We want all the relatives to attend next year who possibly can. Uncle Sol Hamm was not there this year, was not able to come. He was 83 years old the 18th of last April. He is my father's youngest brother. My grandfather's name is Enoch Hamm. I do not know his birth date. He has been dead 38 years. My grandmother was Lindy Taylor. My great grandfather was Billy Hamm. He lived in New Rines, in the edge of Grayson county. He had four boys, Enoch, Isaac, Bill and I have forgotten the other boy's name. My grandfather had four boys, namely, Mack, Jack, Taylor and Sol. My father died at Wallace, Va., in 1919. Buried at Walnut cemetery. Uncle Jack died in Smith county, Uncle Tailor in Flat Ridge, Va. Is buried in the Burton cemetery, near Flat Ridge

Uncle Sol is still alive and living at Ivenhoe, Va. Grandpa and Grandma Hamm were buried in the old Hamm cemetery at Gracon cemetery, Va. My father had three sons and three daughters, Enoch, 72 years of age, address, Whitehead, N. Car.; Bettie Write, 69 years old, Wallace, Va.; Will, 66 years old, address, Elizabethton, Tenn.; Susie, 62 years old, Bristol, Va.; Rena Hamm Brooks, 59 years old, Danville, Va.; Isaac Jackson or "Dock", 56 years old, Bristol, Va. You can get information about Uncle Taylor's children from Cousin Jimmy and Dock Hamm that live out there.

Uncle Jack Hamm has two sons, Tommy, lives in Chilh, Va., is 72 years old; John Hamm, don't know where he lives. Uncle Sol has a number of children. Will send names and addresses later. Cousin Billy in Kentucky is about 80 years old. Has one son living in Coburn, Va. John Hamm, brother of Floyd Hamm, also lives in Coburn, Va. This is all the information I can give at present. Hope it will help in formulating a genealogy of the Hamm families. You said your mother was a Hamm, who is her father, and how much kin are you all to the Hams out here? If you have a book made of the Hamm relatives, don't forget me. I have some pictures I am sending you. The names of the persons are on the back of the card. Be sure and send me some of your family photos and some of the Hamms out there. Will close, hoping to hear from you real soon. Send a long, newsy letter, like your relatives.

Susie Hamm Montgomery.

The first annual reunion of the Ham families in the state of Indiana was held Saturday, August 26, 1905, at the home of Hiram Ham, located twelve miles north of Marion, Ind., and was very successful in every particular. One hundred and sixty-one Hams from all parts

of the state gathered together early in the morning and enjoyed the day, not only in devouring the good old-fashioned country ham, but in meeting one another, many of whom had not met for years, and some never had met before. Mr. Ham had previously constructed an eighty-foot table and to say that it was loaded is putting the matter plainly. The bountiful meal was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were successful enough to be present and there was enough left to satisfy as many more. It was the general opinion that inasmuch as the first meeting had been so successful, there should be a committee appointed for the second reunion, to be held at Mounds park, Anderson, Ind., the first Sunday in September, 1906. The committee in charge will be Walter Ham, of Shirley, Ind.; Thomas Ham, of Anderson, and A. G. Ham, of Marion, Ind. The following program was rendered: address by Harry M. Ham, of Marion; recitation by Ilo Ham, of Huntington; paper by Nancy A. G. Martin, of Kansas City, Mo.; recitation by Gorman Ham, Huntington, Ind.; recitation by Cora Shelly, of Andrews; recitation by Thomas Martin, St. Louis, Mo.; recitation by Fern D. Ham, of Marion; recitation by Indus Zook, of Huntington; recitation by Gertrude Ham, of Huntington; recitation by Leata Pressler, of Mt. Etna, Ind.; recitation by Kyle Pressler, of Mt. Etna; history of the Ham family by Hon. George W. Ham, of Shirley, Ind. Short talks were given by the following persons: B. F. Ham, of Markleville; A. G. and Rose M. Ham, of Marion; Thomas Ham, of Anderson; James Robbins, of Huntington; Hiram N. and Elizabeth Ham, of LaFountaine; George H. Ham, of Michigantown, Ind.; Mrs. Della Cross, of Wabash; Alice Kellam, of Andrews, and others. The benediction was pronounced by David Fisher, of Huntington. The above is a copy of the minutes of the first Ham reunion ever held by the

Hams, contributed by Mrs. Della Cross, the present secretary of our reunion. Her address at this time is Wabash, Ind., R. F. D. 5.

Mrs. Franklin Cox, of Independence, Va., is one of the branches of our great family tree. Stating in a nice answer to my call for aid in formulating the manuscript for this book, that her great-grandfather's name was John Ham, her grandfather's name was Enoch, who had five brothers, John, Jake, Ike, William and David.

It has been said a man is the sum of his own life history plus those of his ancestors. To a remarkable extent, certain traits of character and certain capabilities or talents "run in the family". Often, therefore, the more one knows about those who have gone before, the better he can understand himself and the better he can adapt the complexities of modern life. Thank you, Mrs. Cox.

Mrs. Charles E. Keesling writes for her father, F. J. Ham, stating that she is her father's oldest child. Her maiden name was Donna Mae Ham, born June 8, 1894, at Weaver's Ford, N. Car. Was united in marriage to Charles Emory Keesling at Sugar Grove, Va., on January 11, 1913. They are living there at this writing (1939). Four children were born to this union, Dorothy Janelle, born August 18, 1916; Charles Dwight, born February 22, 1920; Emma Arline, born November 4, 1922, and Famous Dean, born August 9, 1925. All are now living at Sugar Grove except Dorothy, who united in marriage with Herbert Eric Hamric on July 10, 1937, at Glade Springs, Va., and is now living at Rural Retreat, Va. Signed: Mrs. C. E. Keesling. Thanks to you, Mrs. Keesling.

Mrs. Aldrid Ham Goodpasture writes from Marion, Va., R. R. 1. Dated December 21, 1938, stating that her grandfather is Solomon C. Ham, of Flat Ridge, Va. He was born in Grayson county, Va., April 18, 1854. Is alive at this writing (1939) and going strong at the age of 85. He had several brothers and one sister. The sister married a one Billy Balden. Mrs. Goodpasture gives two of Solomon's brothers' names as being Mack and Taylor. John David Ham, born at Flat Ridge, Va., on February 24, 1884, is the father of Mrs. Goodpasture. John D. has six brothers and one sister, namely: Emmet, Robert, George, Troy, Lonnie and Levi. The girl married W. L. Hall. John D. Ham has seven children, Mrs. Dave Thomas, born December 25, 1908, lives in Glade Springs, Va.; Wiley, of Chatham Hill, Va., born January 1, 1910; Mrs. Alrid Goodpasture, of Marion, Va., born December 6, 1918; Clarence Ham, born April 18, 1924; Edith, born February 4, 1926; Billie Ham, born December 1, 1927. Mrs. Goodpasture was married August 23, 1927, and has four children, Mary Goodpasture, born August 13, 1928; Betty Lou, born December 1, 1931; Donnie, born December 3, 1936, and Shirley, born December 5, 1938. It seems that Solomon Ham was married more than once, his children were all by his first wife, Anna. His present wife is Caroline Ham. I thank you Mrs. Goodpasture for the data. With a hope to see you at our next reunion.

Names of relatives and data of our family tree sent to me by Famous Ham, of Rising Sun, Md., saying my father's name was Jacob. He had two brothers, Abraham and Isaac. My father was a Civil war veteran. Was wounded badly in one arm. Jacob was the father of six children as follows: Martin, Wilson, Famous J., Lucinda, Martha and Vilinta. Martha and F. J. are still living.

The others have passed on to the Great Beyond. Mr. F. J. Ham was born in the year 1871 in Ashe county, N. Car., at Weaver's Ford. He was married to Miss Emma Phipps, of Virginia, in 1892. Shortly after their wedding they left North Carolina and settled in Sugar Grove, Smith county, Va. At a later date they moved to Rising Sun, Md., where he has lived for the past twenty years. Mr. and Mrs. Ham are the proud parents of eight children, six girls and two boys, all married at this writing. (Oh, what a homecoming when the little tots roll in.) The following are the names of F. J. Ham's children: Mrs. C. E. Keesling, of Sugar Grove, Va.; Walter Ham, of Rising Sun, Md.; Mrs. S. C. Hutton, Sugar Grove, Va.; Mrs. L. M. Pugh, of Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Joseph Jinkhan, Sharon, Md.; Charles Ham, of Rising Sun, Md.; Mrs. George DeBoard, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. Ed Devine, of Rising Sun, Md.

The following are the names of Mrs. Laura Hutton's children: Loretta, born April 29, 1915; Ruth, born on December 31, 1916; Helen, November 20, 1919; Ruby, October 10, 1924; Wilma, May 7, 1928; Gale, April 27, 1930; Ann, September 8, 1932. Walter Jackson Ham was united in marriage to a Miss Gladys Leota Meek on the 28th day of April, 1916. His children are: Edna Leota, born May 23, 1918; Agnes August, born March 14, 1920; Walter Stephen, April 29, 1922; Virginia Katherine, born October 30, 1923; Lillian Nell, born July 18, 1925; Famous Ralph, born January 25, 1927.

Golden Ann Ham was united in matrimony to Mr.

H A M — B I O G R A P H Y

Lanon Pugh on January 5, 1918. The children who came to bless this union are as follows: Theda Lorane, born July 16, 1919; Harold, born June 22, 1921; Naomi, born August 12, 1923. Pearl Ham was united in marriage to Joseph Zenkhan on November 29, 1927. No children as yet to this union.

Charles R. and Helen I. Fox were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on July 3, 1930. They have one child, Charles Earl, born June 14, 1935. Verna H. was united in the "wholy bonds of hemlock" (just funin') to Edgar Devine on June 10, 1933. Two children were born to this household to keep this happy couple smiling.

I trust the reader will look lightly on and forgive all my mistakes found in this volume.



MORDECAI FOWLER HAM

(History on Page 60)

Following is data and the biography received from one of the most remarkably gifted evangelists of "The Ham-Ramsay Evangelistic Campaigners." A great Bible teacher and soul-winner, Mordecai Fowler Ham, of Anchorage, Ky. Born in Allen county, Ky., on April 2, 1877. He is the son of Rev. T. J. Ham and the grandson of Rev. M. F. Ham, Sr., a noted pioneer preacher of Kentucky. I will quote his family history verbatim as he relates it to me.

Quote: In 1646 Samuel Ham, of England, helped draft articles of faith for the Baptist. In 1650 the Hams came to Rhode Island colony with Roger Williams and intermarried with the Williams. From then on until the present day they drifted into Virginia. Zacharius Ham was arrested in Virginia because of non-conformity, and was put in Culpepper jail and Cart Strother had body-guard furnish his uniform, which enabled him to get out of jail and go to Thomas Jefferson and through him, secure an ordinance in Washington which finally resulted in the separation in church and state and religious freedom in the colony of Virginia. The Williams and Hams drifted into North Carolina and after one of them was roughly treated at New Berne and then two of the Williams were elected to the legislature of North Carolina and secured religious freedom and William Ham, who had gone on to South Carolina, married Jenet Williams. Jenet Williams was the granddaughter of Roger Williams. Then William Ham moved into Kentucky, when it was still part of Virginia. M. F. Ham, born in 1816 of William Ham and Jenet Williams. I, (Mordecai Fowler Ham) was named from him. He married Elizabeth Deering, who was the fourth generation from Roger Williams. T. J. Ham was born in 1847. He is my father. Both father and grandfather were pastors, each

active from 60 to 65 years. My younger brother, Hadone's son, Everette Ham, who is finishing his university course, who feels God has called him to the ministry, will make the ninth generation of Ham preachers.

Edward Everette Ham was born exactly 100 years after my grandfather was born. Some of this history is handed down by tradition and some is recorded. I will have my secretary send you the cut you were asking for. Feel free to call on me if I can be of any assistance. May the Lord bless you in all undertakings. Yours sincerely, M. F. Ham.

What Dr. E. P. Alldredge, A. M., D. D., has to say of our relative: "Born and bred for the ministry." In the first place, he has a genealogy which leaves nothing to be desired. One of the most remarkably gifted evangelists which Southern Baptists have ever known, is Mordecai Fowler Ham, of Anchorage, Ky., now in the very flower of his splendid career. In 1885, when the evangelist was a little boy, his father moved to Bowling Green, Ky., where "Fowler" Ham attended the public schools, secured his primary education and grew to young manhood. Later, however, he attended Ogden college, after which he took up the study of law, being admitted to the bar in 1895, while yet in his 'teens. Instead of beginning the practice of law, however, M. F. Ham accepted an attractive and lucrative position as a traveling salesman and for five years, traveled over the south and southwest, having his headquarters in Chicago. In 1901 a great change came over his life. Being called home suddenly upon the serious illness of his dear old grandfather, for whom he was named, he lingered for some days about the sick bed of this aged servant of God and watched his life slowly ebb away. When the end drew near, the grandfather called him, with the oth-

ers, about him, gave them his farewell messages and then prayed that the mantle as a minister might fall upon his grandson and namesake. This was too much for the great, tall, splendid grandson. There, in that death chamber, he heard the voice of God speaking through the mouth of the old dying hero and grandfather, and the spirit of God subdued and dissipated every vestige of the rebellion which remained in the soul of the grandson and M. F. Ham. He left that death chamber determined to preach the gospel, until he, too, should pass in triumph to be with Christ for evermore. Written about the year 1925.

A little more data from Mrs. Susie Hamm Montgomery, of Bristol, Va., December 18, 1938, one of my greatest helpers in getting the branches together of our family tree. The writer was at Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery's home and stayed all night there. They are of the big-hearted kind of people, know just how to say and do things in this grand old world of ours. We burned the midnight oil. She showed me so many pictures of the Hamm family, said she has eight grandchildren and divided pictures with me. I met her own children at the Hamm reunion on the last Sunday of July, 1938. As I remember their names were: Edward, William, Murphie and Carl.

Mrs. Montgomery's grandfather was Enoch Hamm, had three brothers, Isaac, Ell and Billie. Enoch had seven children, Abbie died at the age of five years; Renie died when 22 years old; Mrs. Montgomery's father died at the ripe age of 83; Frank died, aged 25; Taylor died at 80; Jack Hamm died at 60 years of age; Solomon Hamm, living at the age of 85. Mack Hamm had six children, Enoch Hamm, of White Head, N. Car.; Bettie Wright, of Wallace, Va.; Will Hamm, Elizabethtown,

Tenn.; Renie Booker, of Danville, Va.; Dock Hamm, of Maple street, Bristol, Va., and Susie Hamm Montgomery, Harmeling street, Bristol, Va. Taylor Ham was the father of nine children (can't give names). Jack Hamm was the father of six children (can't give names). Solomon Hamm, father of eight children but have no information as to names. Thanks, Cousin Susie.

Rev. Willie Hamm, of Laurel Springs, N. Car., has written me several nice letters imparting much data relative to the formulating of our great tree of famliy history, showing his profound interest in the Hamm biography. I have had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Hamm personally at our Hamm reunion in Backbone Rock park, near Damascus, Va. I heard him sing and he also delivered a powerful and convincing sermon. Several others gave interesting talks and oh, what a dinner. What a welcoming reception our Hamm relatives gave me that day, as that was my first visit to the state in which my grandfather, Vernon Hamm, was born. I expect several of our relatives who attended this grand reunion to visit our Ham reunion at Huntington, Ind., this year (1939). It seems Willie Hamm's father, Enoch, and I are of the same age, born in 1867. Enoch had two brothers, Dock and William. William may be the father of George, Jake and Will, who came to Indiana about the year 1875. A William Hamm was Rev. Willie Hamm's grandfather. Willie has two brothers, George and Talmage Hamm. Willie has three boys, Johnie, Glenn and Roy. It appears this little family of Hamms are living on a small farm near Laurel Springs, raising small fruit and vegetables which keeps the father busy in connection with his calling as a Missionary Baptist minister.

THE LETTER OF HISTORY THAT
NEVER CAME

This data from Cora Ham Veatch, of Marion, Ind.,
dated February 1, 1939.

Dear Relative:

I am sending you the names of my father's family, Elijah Ham's children, namely: Samuel, James, Vernon, William, Jacob, George, David Edward (my father), Martha and Elizabeth. My father was the youngest of the family, is 85 years old and very active, is now living in Dayton, Va. The following is a copy of a nicely written letter from this fine old gentleman, D. E. Ham, dated February 13, 1939.

Mr. W. O. Markle, New Castle, Ind. I received your letter of December 17, 1938, and my dear Cousin Markle I am very much ashamed that I have not written you sooner, but I have a typewriter on which I have done most or nearly all of my writing and writing with pen and ink is very awkward. I kept thinking I would get a new ribbon for the typewriter but would forget it from time to time and hence I am nearly two months late and no ribbon yet. However, I will do the best I can and say that I was glad to hear from you, also got your card. Yes, I am the son of Elijah Ham, who was the son of Joseph Ham, of Green county on the east side of the Blue Ridge mountains. He had three brothers, Vernon, Samuel and Joseph: Vernon and Samuel went to the far west at that time and acquired homes and reared large families near Markleville, Ind. My father remained in this Shenandoah valley of Virginia. He learned the millwright trade and he and Sarah Armbrout were married and reared a large family. I am the youngest of the family; all are gone but me. I have lived

longer than any one of the family of nine children. My father and brother, Joseph, lived in the town and county seat of St. ville and being a crippled man, became a tailor by trade. There was one sister, my Aunt Sallie Ham, who married William M. Darrough, who became a lawyer and practised in Harrisonburg, Rockingham county and later in Page county. Their family was rather large, four girls and two boys, I think; very few of our family in this section any more. Uncle William Darrough corresponded with Uncle Vernon Ham, of Indiana, when I was a small boy. I understood that one of Uncle Vernon's girls, named Martha, I believe, married Daniel Markle and you being his son, makes you and I second cousins. I am writing this as a preliminary to another letter in the near future in which I will give you the history of the Hams as far back as the name goes. Our name was not originally Ham, Hamm or Hamme. Will write you further soon. Only a few days ago I received a letter from my daughter, Cora Ham Veatch, of Marion, Ind. She is a practical nurse there. You will hear from me soon. Sincerely and truly, Signed: D. E. Ham.

Did I hear from him soon? Yes and no. I examined my mail. I looked for many days for the promised letter which would impart to us all, as Hams, more than we can ever expect from those who are living today, but it never came. In fear I suspected the worst, and this came: Dated April 19, 1939, Dayton, Va.

Dear Cousin:

Papa was taken very ill March 28 and passed away April 12, and was laid to rest April 14. I arrived here the next day after father was taken sick to help take care of him and he was so pleased to see me. He was

not able to write more of our family history. Signed:
Cora Ham Veatch.

How wonderful it must have seemed to this aged father to have his daughter, a trained nurse, at his bedside during the last moments of his long life here on earth.

James B. Hamm, of New Castle, Ind., expresses himself in a letter I just received dated February 24, 1939, as wanting to do all he can to help line up the branches of our family tree. Thanks to you and Mrs. Hamm for the following data. Enoch Hamm married Malinda Tailor. To them was born five sons, Mack, Jack, Taylor, Frank (died when young) and Solomon. Taylor Hamm was born October 28, 1843, in Grayson county, Va. Fought in the Civil war for the south and was wounded while on duty. When honorably discharged, returned to his home and was united in marriage to Rebecca Fowlkes, who was born in North Carolina on March 31, 1848. To this union was born nine children. Preston, the first born, came February 22, 1865, and as time passed, he too was united in matrimony to Laura Bennett. To them came seven children, two of which are dead. Preston is also dead at this writing. He lived in Independence, Va., until 1906, when he moved to St. Albons, W. Va., where he died. Rae Hamm was born in Grayson county, Va., on February 28, 1868, and was married to Charity Wilds. Ten children were born to this union. Eight are living and two are dead. The mother and father both are dead now. D. A. Hamm was born in Grayson county, Va., April 1, 1870. He married Virginia Martin and to them were born three children. Curtis, who has one son, Jack, and lives at Marion, Va., and married Miss Alfona Roberts. A second son, Wayne, died in his youth. One daughter,

Lola, married Gwyn Blevins. D. A. Hamm lives with his family. Mr. and Mrs. Blevins have five children as follows: Frank, Robert, Louise, Madge and Ted Blevins, living south of Millville, Ind. Mary Malinda (we call her Mollie) Hamm, born April 16, 1873, and married Vaughn Williams. To them was born one daughter, Carrie. She married Lonnie Hamm, son of Solomon Hamm. Vaughn Williams is dead. Mary, or Mollie, married William Cox and lives near Independence, Va. Sarah V. Hamm, born October 21, 1875, and died when young. Elizzie Hamm, born November 4, 1878, and married James Rae. Seven children came to bless their home. Six are living, one dead. The father died and the mother was left to care for and educate the little ones. The children are all married now and caring for their worthy mother (noble mother and noble children). Cynthia Hamm was born March 21, 1881. Grew up and was married to J. O. Martain. To this union were born eight boys and girls. The father died soon after the last child came and Cynthia too, was left to care for, guide and direct her loved ones. John R. Hamm was born on December 7, 1883. He was united in marriage to Carrie Phouts. They were the proud parents of three children, Martha, Minnie and Luther Lee. Martha married Gerald Shaw, of Campo Colorado and now has two sons, Kenneth and Lester. Minnie died when a baby. Luther Lee Hamm lives near Campo Colorado also. Carrie died. John married Alice Ross. To them were born one son and two daughters. Their address is Rural Retreat, Va. James B. Hamm was born at Independence, Va., in the year 1885. He married Miss Minnie Phouts. Three children came to bless their home. Joseph M. Hamm was born at Independence, Va., August 6, 1906 and married Margaret Grunden. To this union two sons have come to their home, Howard A. Hamm, born May

5, 1933, and John Joseph, born May 2, 1937. Their address is (at this writing) 1204 South 21st street, New Castle, Ind. Malinda Mae Hamm was born October 10, 1908, and married to Lowell K. Cornthwaite, of Cambridge City, Ind. This couple has no children up to date. They live near New Castle, Ind., on R. R. 3. James Fred Hamm, born October 20, 1911, and married Martha C. Stewart. They have one son, James Stewart Hamm, born February 5, 1935. They are living on the Brown road, R. R. 3, out of New Castle, Ind. This Hamm family are all members of the First Friends Church, New Castle, Ind.

SEEKING MY FORTUNE

Please pardon me while I switch from biography to autobiography. It seems, in nearly all families, the boy at about the age of 18 or 21 years, tires of the home in a business way, father's and mother's discipline, the same old barn, bedroom and kitchen, same routine of chores and hard work the year 'round, same neighborhood and associates. Somehow he naturally becomes more or less uneasy, restless and dissatisfied and a desire to get away from the old nest, see and investigate the wonders of the outside world he has so often heard of and read about. Hence, my experience given, in the following autobiography, related as I now remember.

One morning as I was hoeing corn along with father, it suddenly popped into my head that I was going to seek my fortune. Said I, "Dad." Said he, "What?" Said I, "I'm not going to hill up another hill of corn this summer, dod-drotded it if I do." Dad stared at me and looked as cross as our wether after shearing. Said he, "Where to seek your fortune?" Said I, "Wherever a fortune is to be had. I'll go to sea if I can't find it no-

where else." Said he, "You haven't got a cent to start on and you'll not get a copper out of me." Said I, "Dad, I don't ask you for the first red cent. I'll take my two-year-old heifer downtown and sell her and raise the putty that way." Dad was dumb-fuzzled; he could not get any sort of an argument because he knew the critter was mine. So early the next morning I took a piece of mother's clothesline and wrapped around the animal's horns and leaped upon the back of the beast and the way she took me to market was nowise lazy. You could no more direct or stop the fast animal than you can stop chain lightning, and I guess she never would have stopped if she had not run against the hind end of a load of hay just as we came into the great city of Saginaw, Mich., pitching me off, tearing my trousers and spoiling a brand new hat I had just bought to court one of our neighbor girls in. Well, it was not long until I had a real congregation gathered around me. By and by along came a sailor fellow and yelled out, "What kind of a craft is that with tiller-ropes f'ard?" "She is a two-year-old," said I, "and a tarnation fine critter." "How many knots will she make in an hour?" said he. "Well, I should reckon in fly-time, about 20," said I. "What will you take for her?" said he. "\$45.00," said I, though she wasn't worth half of it. "A bargain," said he and he forked over the putty on the spot. "Now," said he, "help me aloft." "All right," said I, and I helped the sailor fellow on, somehow or other, tail-end foremost and before I could get him on right, that critter was off and out of sight, quicker than any steam engine-horse, automobile, flying machine or baby-cab. The next I heard of her after that, she arrived home that same day, pitching the sailor fellow off head first in the dirtiest mud puddle you ever saw, right in the middle of our old barn yard. Well, early the next morning I went down

to the river to take a look at the ships, when a sailor fellow cried out, "Haloo, there." Said I, "Haloo," back to him. Said he, "Do you want to ship?" Said I, "I guess I do if you have one you want to give away," At this the young sailor politely laughed and said, "Do you want to go to sea before the mast?" Said I, "I came down on that very business, and I don't care a bum-baggon whether I go before or behind the mast." At this the sailor fellow giggled right out loud and I thought he was making fun of me, so off jacket and was about to pitch in to him full chisel, when he said, "Avast there, I didn't mean anything. I thought if you wanted to go to sea, I will give you a first rate berth and nine dollars per month." "A bargain," said I. I on jacket and followed him to the shippin' office where he paid me nine dollars in real money and no grumbling. He took me then to the captain and told him I had shipped as a green hand. Then he dug out. "Now," said the captain, "go f'ard and weigh anchor." I went forward, but I didn't see anything to weigh it with so I said, "Captain, where's your steelyards?" All the rest of the sailors laughed right out and one of them brought me a hand spike and I soon found out what the captain meant by weighing anchor. "Now," said he, "make sail." Said I, "Captain, I never made a sail in my life, but I have helped Dad make meal bags." "Aloft with you there and unloose top sails or I'll throw you overboard," and he didn't snigger any either when he said it, but he looked as cross as our old "setten" hen does at our bob-tailed rooster. By this time the vessel was going down the river at an amazing pace for so large a critter. Said I, "Captain, if you are of the mind to stop a minute, I'll venture if it breaks my neck." "Aloft with ye, and none of your gammon." So I thought there was no use trying to dodge the issue, so I off jacket and climbed up

where the other sailors' were, but say, I wished myself back home, hoeing corn along with dad. "Halloo," said one of the sailors, "you haven't got aloft have you?" "Yes, sir," said I, "and I am not a bit scared either." "Lay out on the yard," said he. "What?" said I, "do you call that a yard? That looks more than three rods to me." "Lay out there," said he, "and none of your back talk." "Lay out there," said I, "you might as well tell me to jump off your yard stick and be done with it. I'll do nothing of the kind." "You are a green one," said he, "follow me." "All right, sir," said I, "I am not afraid to do anything I see you do." So he walked out on the yard and I followed him. He showed me how to unloose the top sails and do all that sort of thing, but say, I was mighty glad to get down those rope ladders again, but I felt as proud as a cock turkey among a brood of young chickens. By this time the vessel was entering Saginaw bay. Say, she reared and pitched like a colonel's horse to a general muster. I could not stand it nohow. I rolled on the deck and was the sickest critter you ever saw. Say, I'd a give someone a fourpence to throw me overboard at that particular minute. After that I was unconscious until the next day, when the ship struck the wharf cathump. I jumped up. Gosh, how hungry I was. I went down into the cook's office and the way I stored in the salt beef, pork and potatoes was nowise lazy. The black cook stared at me and looked as if he thought I was going to eat him next. Can't say, if he had been a shade whiter, but he would have followed the beef and taters. "Now," said I to the captain, "if it don't make any particular difference to you, I'd like my discharge." "Go to work you green looking beef eater," said he, "go forward and throw the buoy overboard." "What," said I, "throw a 'boy' overboard, commit murder. I shan't do nothing of the kind, that's flat."

The captain looked mighty riled as he took me by the left ear, led me forward to a thing big in the middle and little at both ends. Said he, "Overboard with that." He wasn't smiling when he said it either, but he looked as cross as a rat in our old rat trap. Said I, "Captain, do you call that a 'boy'?" "Yes, sir," said he and tried to smile. So I took the "boy" and overboard with him, cosouse, into the bay. "Now," said he, "you are to remember you were to ship for me for three months, and if you undertake to run away, I'll have you in the lockup and no fooling." Well, I thought no use to try getting around my bargain, so stayed by and made three more voyages to the Kenibec. I wasn't sick again. I could go aloft and do any little chore amongst the top sails without flinching, but when my time was out, I left the Polly-Ann and went to Chicago. I took a course in fine-stock, merchandise and real estate auctioneering and stayed in that line for 35 years, retiring in 1929.

Your narrator has formed a custom or habit of reading the following at least once a year for the past twenty years with this result, I drag nothing into the New Year but myself. "Believe it or not."

WHAT THE NEW YEAR HOLDS FOR YOU

Says Walt Mason: "Most of our woes would perish, or leave us, on sable wings, if only we didn't cherish and coddle the blame fool things."

What are you going to do with your troubles and cares during the coming year? Are you going to pack them in your "old kit bag" and get rid of them, or, take them along with you? Are you going to drag them with you through the gate of the New Year to "coddle the blame fool things" until they make 1920 as miserable for you as they made 1919?

The man who is at the mercy of his fears, who says he can not help worrying, who lies awake nights wrestling with doubts and fears about all his affairs, has vacated his place at the helm of his life and turned it over to his thought enemies. He has lost faith in God and, with it, faith in himself. He has turned coward in the battle of life.

Someone has said, "Fear is a cruel giant which eats our flesh and laughs at our agony." But if it is, it is a giant of our own creation, and our sufferings are self-inflicted. We were made to conquer difficulties, not to quail before and be conquered by them. We were not made to be slaves of warry helpless victims of fear. No one can be conquered by his troubles or his fears until he gives in to them.

Remember, my friend, if you have great problems a greater power than the problem is given to you. Use your power in solving your problems instead of allowing fear and worry to rob you of it. No man is strong or efficient, or can fully utilize his normal power, who dissipates his brain or nervous energy in worrying, fretting or useless anxiety. There is nothing else which will sap one's vitality and blight one's ambition more than the habit of worry.

Certain railroad companies will not give a position to a locomotive engineer, telegraph operator or any one who is placed where a state of absent-mindedness would cause an accident, any one who has any domestic trouble on his mind, financial worry or anything which would tend to make him absent-minded, morose or gloomy. They believe that to be safe for such positions, a man must be mentally harmonious—happy. Business concerns are beginning to recognize the psychology of

efficiency; that the mental conditions must be right or the man will not be at his best and that he cannot do the best of which he is capable. A depressed employe is negative and is liable to blunder, to make mistakes, to do poor work. No man, not even a Napoleon, can be efficient generally when his mind is filled with fear. No one can do anything worth while when he is worrying, suffering from fear of any sort. It is fatal to all noble endeavor.

The New Year is the time for balancing our life accounts and finding where we stand. Are we gaining or losing, going forward or backward?

Now, in all your life did you ever gain anything, ever get the slightest benefit from worrying over any situation? Did it ever help you to bear your burden better or to make it lighter? What have all the years of worrying in the past done for you? You know that worrying has done nothing but sap your vitality, lower your courage, weaken your initiative, handicap your executive ability and distress and confuse your mind, thus unfitting you for clear thinking and decisive acting. It has probably cut off years of your possible life. It has deepened the furrows in your face, whitened your hair, put a drag on your steps, and taken the spontaneity and buoyancy out of your life. It has made you a poorer husband, a poorer father, a poorer friend, a less agreeable and less effective partner and comrade, whether in business or in social life. It has crippled your efforts and your business. Multitudes of days have been pretty nearly ruined by worry and anxiety. The fear of disaster, of misfortune, of possible failure, has been your worst enemy. You have harbored it, welcomed it, encouraged it by dwelling upon it, listening to its doubts and dire predictions. Multitudes of people who have harbored it have been ruined

by it. It has filled our poorhouses, our insane asylums, our hospitals. Fear is the great human curse.

Aren't you about tired of dragging along through life the things that have wrecked your happiness, marred your career, blighted your prospects? Haven't you given up about enough of your energies, your peace of mind, your happiness, your possible success to the enemies of your getting on and up in the world? Haven't you paid about enough tribute to fear and worry? Haven't they handicapped you sufficiently, taken enough out of your life? Why drag through the gate of the New Year the things that have disgraced you, embarrassed you, humiliated you in the past? Hasn't the memory of playing the fool haunted you about long enough, pained you enough already? Haven't you given up about enough of your existence, sacrificed enough years of your life to these things? Haven't they cost you enough? Aren't you going to leave them beside the old year door, instead of dragging them through the coming year with you, giving them the opportunity to harass you in the new twelve months—to play havoc with your prospects and your ambitions as they did in the past? Aren't you going to cut them off, forget them, bury them, before they bury you?

What would you think of one who persisted in keeping close to a man, a bitter enemy, who had injured him as much as your mental enemies have injured you, who continued to trip him in all sorts of ways, trying to wreck his ambition, his success and happiness? What would you think of such a person who would follow his enemy about and meekly receive his blows, insults and abuse without a protest? You would say, as every sane person would, that the man was a fool, that

he should keep just as far away from his enemy as possible.

But what about yourself? Here you are just ready to go through the New Year gate, and apparently you are going to drag with you all the enemies of your peace of mind, your happiness, your success. You are a pitiable looking creature because of what they have done for you, ruining your hopes, thwarting your achievements and making a miserable tragedy of your career. They are now mocking you because of the wreck they have made, gloating over the tragedies they have caused, and yet you are still harboring them, nursing them, refusing to give them up, hugging them in your memory, "coddling the blame fool things."

Could anything be more foolish, more short-sighted, more fatal to all that life means to you? Do you realize how they have kept you from doing the things you were made to do, from achieving what you are capable of achieving? Do you remember how these damnable enemies have stood at your elbow whenever you have undertaken to do anything individual and cowed you until you abandoned it? What ugly scars and smirches these enemies have put upon all that you hold dear in life, you will probably find that you are nowhere near the man you would have been but for them, that you haven't got anything like the health, the physique, the disease-resisting power, that you have not half the money or anything like the position, that you are not half as free, have not made anything like the reputation, have not anything like the standing in your community, do not carry anything like the weight that you would; that your achievement is a little pinched picayune affair compared with what it might have been—in short, that you are not anything like the man you would be but for

these damnable enemies which have dogged your steps and dwarfed your career.

Are you going to let these enemies push you still further downhill, or are you going to drive them out of your life, retrieve your past, and be the man that God intended you to be? This year you have the greatest chance of your life to make good. We are at the parting of the ways. Humanity is entering on a new era. Standing at the door of the New Year you are confronting what may be made the grandest year in all history. The greatest opportunity which has ever come to you is before you. What will you do with it? It is up to you to make 1920 stand out distinctively as the finest, the most fruitful, the happiest, the most glorious in all the years of your life.

The first thing to do is to realize that you are stronger than all your mental enemies, that you can drive them out whenever you make up your mind to do so. As a son of God, you partake of His qualities, of His powers. You can be master of yourself, of your destiny. When you grasp this fundamental principle, when you know that you are one with the All-power, with the All-life, when you know that you are backed by unnumbered hosts, you will never again be at the mercy of these enemies which have hounded your steps all these years. You can imprison the monsters which have imprisoned you. You are the master, if you only knew it. Begin now to show that you are.

Say to these murderers of success and happiness: "You have played havoc enough in my career, you have damaged my efficiency, you have spoiled my happiness, you have ruined my peace of mind, spoiled my plans, taken the backbone out of my courage and weakened

my endeavor long enough! Hereafter I will have none of you! I am through with you! No more shall you gain entrance into my mental kingdom. Hereafter the gateway of my mind will be closed to you. You have cast your black shadows across my path, sent terror to my heart for the last time, for I have found my real self. You can no longer tyrannize over me, for I am no longer your slave, but your master. I am through with everything which can possibly retard my progress, keep me back, sap my energies or in any way stand in the way of my advancement. I am simply bound to deliver my message to the world, to do what I was sent here to do, and to do it like a man, with efficiency, with courage, with all the manliness I can master, and I don't propose to be handicapped in my efforts; I don't propose to let you dominate me or rule my life any longer!"

When you once get a clear, distinctive value of your divinity, all your black clouds will fade away, your fears, your worries will vanish and your bound faculties will be unloosed. Your tethered ability will be set free. The bonds which have held you back will be cut, and you will be a free man.

The New Year gives a splendid chance to all of us to clear our mental closets of terrifying skeletons. It gives us a chance to wipe out of our minds, to forget everything which has been disagreeable, which has caused us pain, to bury with the old year all our sorrows, all our mistakes and blunders, all the things that have handicapped and humiliated us in the past.

Our troubles, our sins, our foolishnesses, whatever has happened to us which we regret, everything that has hurt or kept us back, belongs to another age, to the past. We have nothing more to do with these things; we have left them behind us. There is no reason why

we should be burdened and tortured through the coming year with things which have no further value for us; the old experiences from which we long since got the only lessons they will ever have for us.

This is the time to forgive and forget all grudges, all hatreds, all malice, all thoughts of revenge—the time to wipe the memory slate clean of everything that is unkind, unjust, everything that is not helpful, hopeful and optimistic.

There is something about looking forward with hope and expectation of good things to come to us which is creative. There is a real upbuilding force in the optimistic mental attitude, just as there is a destructive force in the pessimistic attitude. When we look forward to the future with dread, with fear of what it will bring us, we produce a negative mental attitude which drives the very things we long for away from us.

If you want to make the New Year the banner year of your life, have nothing to do with the troubles that have passed.—O. S. Marden in *New Success*.

GOVERNMENT - - NOT POLITICS

A Declaration of Principles and Purposes, Now
Being Voiced by the Common People of
This Nation, Which Necessitates a
Change in Our Constitutional Law
to Correct Corrupt Politics

All progress involves change. In this hour of economic peril and financial crisis, caused by fraudulent and criminal manipulation and artificial deflation of money and credit of this nation, thereby forcing losses of billions in cash, bankruptcy, ruin and suicide upon our people during the past six years, we are fully decided we

can no longer trust the gigantic money monopoly whose activities are surely dragging the great common people of our land down to peasantry and poverty.

I believe the progressive public feels it our duty, at this time, to demand a change in our banking system to an establishment of an American financial system of government-owned banks.

I believe, when bankers do not notify their depositors, at least ten days previous to its liability of going into the hands of a receiver, and receive deposits up to the last minute before locking their doors against the public, that they be treated by law as criminals and punished as a thief or robber.

The progressive public denounces and condemns the gold standard monetary system. Gold is scarce, easily cornered and readily drifts into the hands of the few. Whenever producers are put in jeopardy, by reason of monopolistic control of our currency, which is vital to each individual, it becomes the duty of the whole people to force adequate competition by asking Congress to print and put into circulation, a legal tender currency, secured by the real estate of America, in amounts sufficient to meet all public demands, as our constitution provides.

Money does not need to be gold or silver. Paper backed by the real estate of this country, is cheaper and much more convenient.

We read and believe the love for money is the root of all evil. I believe crime increases when our currency is drawn from circulation. Inflation and cheapness induce business, lessen the love for money, do away with unemployment and reduce crime to a minimum.

The desire to hoard money, and lessen the amount in circulation, is induced by the practice of loaning for a usury fee, which the Bible forbids in Deut. 23:19, Ezekiel 22:12 and Psalms 15, as follows: "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother" nor taketh reward against the innocent. Therefore, I believe no money should be loaned except by the government and at a rate of interest not to exceed one per cent.

When there is a surplus of tax collections in the national treasury and same cannot be applied as payment on our national debt, such surplus should be loaned by our government-owned banks, to the common people on short time loans.

There is but one way to increase the price of agricultural products, that is by increasing the amount of money in circulation. When products of our land are greatly reduced in price, our officials drawing a fixed salary, are boosted to a high degree of prosperity and seem to hesitate to change matters. I believe, when such conditions prevail, our currency should be inflated so that labor may demand a living wage.

I believe the producers and consumers of this great productive country of ours maintain and demand that the corn, wheat, wool, cotton and livestock growers of the state can, and should, raise, manufacture and supply all our demands for such products at a reasonable price above cost of production. We should peacefully arrange with other nations to buy of them only when we cannot supply our own needs, thereby doing away with embargos and so-called high, protective tariffs and international competition.

Our people will gladly agree to buy freely of our

foreign neighbors those articles of raw material and manufactured goods that we cannot produce in our own country.

I also believe that agriculture, some time in the future, will demand of the would-be farmer an education and graduation from a reputable agriculture college, to place him in rank and file and on a business equality with commercial institutions. The home-made doctor, the home-made lawyer and the home-made school teacher have lived their time and are now a thing of the past. Nearly all professions of today are protected through education and statute law, enabling them to organize and command a reasonable compensation for their services.

The honest, easy-going, old-fashioned clod-hopper is gradually leaving the largest and most essential vocation in the world to the young men and young women of today, who are acquiring education and demanding organization. We are sure the farmer of the near future can and will protect himself against low prices and exorbitant taxes.

To avoid confusion and perhaps, war with other nations, we believe no clique, clan, corporation, person or persons, who are or claim to be American citizens, laborating or operating in a foreign country other than for this government, shall have or receive personal or property protection by or from the United States while on foreign soil.

I believe declarations of war should be made after an expression of the people has been recorded by ballot, except in case of foreign invasion.

I believe we do not, and can not, have a govern-

ment by and for the people until we abolish the electoral college and vote direct for all public officials.

I favor doing away with our house of representatives, both national and state, as they have ceased to represent their constituents. We can vote for all bills direct by mail.

We demand a constitutional law requiring the newly-elected official to qualify and take the office within ten days after election. With this change, we progress.

I believe in demanding of the would-be candidate for public office a sworn statement as to how he stands politically on the campaign platform. The oath he must take is as follows: "I hereby swear or affirm I will support the constitution of the United States of America, and execute the duties assigned me, in strict accord with the law of our land. If, in any way, during my administration, I violate the public trust, I further affirm, I will resign and leave my office at once. So help me God."

I believe that a political platform should be formulated and complete after the nomination of the candidate and not before such selection, as the would-be official may be forced to accept planks or principles contrary to his political faith.

I believe any proposed change or amendment of the constitution, state or federal, should be balloted on by the people, thereby giving fair play to those who are to be governed by such legislation.

I believe there are too many rich men in our state and federal congress; it is believed that these wealthy officials, for the past fifty years, have cared more to perpetuate themselves in power and to advocate the continuance of the policies of the rich, than they do to obtain

justice for the common people. Therefore, we should demand a law, dividing our congressmen equally into three classes, lawyers, business men and farmers. No person to be eligible to any office who is actually worth more than \$50,000.

I believe our law on bribery should be changed so as to incriminate the briber only. The bribed should receive a sum of money from the government equal to the bribe, as a reward for exposing the briber, thereby doing away with bribery entirely.

I believe in the eighteenth amendment, and alcohol prohibition with a more rigid enforcement of the law. First, because whisky was not created by the Almighty. Second, it is not food, drink or wearing apparel for mankind. Third, God never made a human being who needed alcohol. Fourth, and last, it is all wrong. If the eighteenth amendment is removed from our statutes, no law whatsoever governing or prohibiting the manufacture, sale or the drinking of intoxicating beverages should exist. A drunk should be arrested and fined only when found disturbing the peace and comforts of others.

I believe in an individual uniform income tax on gross incomes, and no exemption. We should pay no property tax whatsoever.

I believe in a living and saving wage for the laborer and a reasonable net income for our government officials. The cost or expense of all public officers and public improvements should not be paid from tax collections but out of money printed by the government for that purpose.

I believe in two political parties, but said parties should not hold office together. When the leader of one

party is elected by the majority of the people, every candidate on that party ticket must step into power. Such an election will do away with political differences that arise when congress is filled with both parties. A house divided against itself cannot serve a progressive people. A fragment of all parties placed in our congress means as much to the common people as placing a hornet, a yellow-jacket, a mud-dauber and a honey bee in a patent bee hive and say to them, boys, go ahead, make us some fine honey; disagreement and fighting are the only issues handed to their constituents.

In order to keep graft, selfish interests, money monopoly, trusts and combines from forming in our great nation, I believe no person should hold the same office longer than two terms, or eight years.

I believe government bonds should not be issued by our party leaders, only in case of emergency. We demand a law preventing congress issuing bonds to raise money to loan to foreign nations. That all outstanding government securities be declared full legal tender, or exchangeable for currency at their par values. This would reduce unjust and burdensome taxation.

I believe non-assessable bonds are an inducement to the well-to-do classes to avoid taxes, thereby forcing the producers of our wealth to carry the burden of taxation.

From an economic standpoint, we believe our railroads and the companies are practically, as institutions, a thing of the past, and should give way to progress and more modern ways of traffic. A very few government-owned railroads, the automobile and the auto truck are the people's ways of transportation.

I believe in education, public schools, colleges, sci-

ence, an equal advantage to boys and girls, both in the city and in the country, and good salary paid to the teachers.

I demand direct legislation through the establishment of a national initiative and referendum and recall law, and in the recognition of God and the brotherhood of man.

I believe only a very small per cent of our people object to these governmental principles and the inflation of our currency, and they are the few whom we call rich, dealing out to the poor at a high rate of interest, a dishonest dollar, that forces us to bond, mortgage and lose our homes.

I trust the ideas expressed above will come to be a reality in my day, and our people may become masters of our own affairs and independent of foreign control; free ourselves from debt, unemployment and suffering.

This was written out several years ago, hope it is not out of place inserted in our new book.

Pardon me for hopping off in a dark corner again; but when I read the following, I wonder if man acquired a disposition to oppose all who differ in opinion, with malice and malignity, or was this handed to him, in the beginning, as a qualification?

I.

They met and they talked where the cross-roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come,
And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme,
And never a man was dumb.
And the man from the North loved the strength of the
horse,
And the man from the East his pace,

And the man from the South loved the speed of the horse,
The man from the West his grace.

So these four men from the four winds come,
Each paused a space in his course
And smiled in the face of his fellow-man
And lovingly talked of the horse.
Then each man parted and went his way
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with peace in his heart
And loving his fellow-man.

II.

They met the next year where the cross-roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come;
And it chanced as they met that they talked of God
And never a man was dumb.
One imaged God in the shape of a man,
A spirit did one insist;
One said that Nature itself was God,
One said that He didn't exist.

But they lashed each other with tongues that stung,
That smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow-man
And wrathfully talked of God.
Then each man parted and went his way,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with war in his heart,
And hating his fellow-man.

—By Sam Walter Foss.

Now let us come out of meditation and sing a little song composed by W. O. Markle in 1932. The title is

“A Banjo Song” and is to be sung to the tune of “Uncle Ned” key of F.

There's little Billy Markle, he was born in '67,
 'Twas a long, long, long time ago.
But he's still living on, and his heart is filled with song
 While he's playing on his old banjo.

CHORUS

Then lay down your troubles and your woes,
Pack up your sorrows and we'll go,
And we will listen to him sing his funny little songs,
While he's picking on his old banjo.

CHORUS

He bought this toy when nothing but a boy,
And he loves to sing and play it so.
When his day's work's done, his mind is sure to turn,
To the picking of his old banjo.

CHORUS

He has played for the boys, and he's played for the girls,
He has played for the public in the show,
But his home has been his choice, with his family to
 rejoice,
While he's picking on his old banjo.

CHORUS

His one request is, when he's laid to rest,
His banjo surely must go,
So lay it cross his cold and peaceful breast,
And his fingers on the strings just so.

I hope you will sing it and like it.

Before I close the leaves of this book of Ham history, let me kindly suggest that you who are inclined to form a closer association with our dear relatives, scattered so widely over our nation, making the task of reaching either of the two reunions now in existence

once a year, almost prohibitive, we establish a Ham reunion in every state where there is a family of Hams, so if we cannot attend the far-off reunion this year, we can slip over into Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Virginia, West Virginia, North or South Carolina, our adjoining state, and attend their gathering. We must take care to arrange the dates of these reunions so that they will not conflict. Perhaps we shall see some relative from one of the other reunions, just for a handshake and a big dinner. The officials should appoint a committee of one person to write a biography of their local relatives, get it printed in book form, that we may have a larger and more perfect history of our family, correcting the errors or mistakes recorded in this volume. I believe there will be a relative in each Ham locality who will take the matter up and carry out my suggestion. I wish to say, in way of conclusion, when the last line is written, that I have had greater cooperation in collecting the data recorded herein than I ever hoped for. I am thanking everybody. Please give Mrs. Oren Jackson, of Pendleton, Ind., a second cousin of mine, credit for handing me the thought at a birthday gathering in 1936, to write a history of the Hams. You, my relatives, have sent the data in, I have formulated the book. I did my best. I hope it pleases. I realize at my age (72), I am falling away from my training in orthography, punctuation and English. You, too, may live to realize my situation.

My greatest fear in life has been
That I will be remembered for what I haven't done,
Instead of the real good deeds I should have done,
And leave this world some day, unhonored and unsung.

WILLIAM OTTO MARKLE,
One Twig of the Ham Family Tree.

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